

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

SEMON OF DR. FUSION,
Before the Wesleyan Conference at
Sheffield, Eng.

[Continued.]

"Beloved, thou dost faithfully witness to the Church, whom, if thou bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, thou shalt do well, because that for his name's sake they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles. We therefore ought to receive such, that we might be fellow-workers to the truth."—JOHN III, 8-9.

"I will prompt to charity"—a generous construction of motive, aim, and conduct. If your ministers are sent of God, you will receive them "in the name of a prophet," that you may "receive a prophet's reward." But who is a prophet? Simply a man, to whom God has given a voice and a message. He does not cease to be a man because he has been lifted into an office, the burden of whose duties his own strength is too feeble to sustain. Rather is his humanness weighted with abnormal conditions of disadvantage because he is compelled to the front, and must live in the fierce light of the world's eye. There has been a half-acknowledged heresy on this matter, which has done immense mischief. Men have come to imagine that a minister is invested with separate and almost alien sanctity, is lifted above the temptations which assail ordinary men, is sheltered in some nook of grace from the stern onset of evil. There can be no more baneful mistake. Ministers are not angels, but men—with the same besetting dangers, the same wearisome restlessness, the same traitorous hearts. They have natures as perverse, and wills as rebel; and sorrow crushes them as readily as the poorest of their flock. They need as urgently as any to be weighed in merciful scales of judgment.

Beloved brethren, do not err in this regard. Look into your own hearts, those of you who have experience of the Christian life. Remember how your trials have multiplied; how your duties have tried you, so that you have often done them in weariness and trembling; how your sufferings have tried you, so that the "shrinking flesh must needs complain, and murmur to contend so long;" how your surroundings have tried you, and you have felt it difficult, amid many entanglements and under all conditions, to be brave for Jesus. Think of the bodiless fears, and sad misgivings, and giant hindrances which have haunted and harassed you, and made your heavenward progress so often a warfare and a struggle. And then, when these memories are most vivid, remember that all of trial which you have felt presses upon your ministers in equal measure, and that they have discouragements peculiar to their office, of which you know nothing, but which make their burden heavier to bear. They have resigned some of their personal liberty, and put themselves under a self-imposed restraint, that they may be the ministers of God to you for good. Their service, their endowments, their reputation, their life, they have put, so to speak, into the Church's hands. It is your duty to guard faithfully that which they have in good faith entrusted to your keeping, and to see to it that you suffer no anxieties which you can ward off to consume their life, nor any slander which you can repeat to whisper venomously their good name away. Be tender and loving in your judgment of their public doings. If a sermon seems to you feeble, remember how many other sermons have been strong, and how, even from the feeblest and faintest, you can gather more Gospel teaching than you are prepared to carry out into the life.

Remember the close connection between this body of our humiliation and the mind which it enshines, and how the aching head, or the deranged digestion, or the bruised and paining nerves may rob the spirit of its self-possession and of its power. Ask yourselves whether there may not have been untoward influences in the congregation which have sometimes hindered his vigor and freedom. He is not insensible to the stare of the thoughtless, and the laughter of the trifling, and the impatient rustle of the wearied, and the noisy intrusion of the late comer—not to mention that very poor help to pulpit power, the equivocal approval of the slumberer's assenting head. Nay, do not hesitate to search your own hearts. You blame him that he was not sufficiently experimental, or doctrinal, or practical, as the bias of your criticism may happen to incline. You thought him in a sickly condition to preach. Are you quite sure that you were in a healthy condition to hear? Had you cooled from the stifling fever of the week? Had you quite washed the gold dust from your busy fingers? Did not thought of sale and bargain mingle with worship, song, and sermon? Were your lips warm with the prayer which you had just offered, that he might be able to speak strong words, and heal sick hearts, and stir the consciences of men? Brethren, there are properties of hearing as well as of preaching; and if our congregations must wait for acceptance until they had graduated into proper dispositions for the heedful hearing of the Word, there are perhaps some even here who would be kept a long time upon trial. Brethren, give me a censorious Church—hard, stern, keenly critical, exacting its requirement of service like an Egyptian taskmaster, and I need look no further for the cause of many an apparent ministerial failure. Give me a loving, hearty people, generous in their judgments, considerate in their

claims, ever, like the Master, slower to censure than to encourage, and for such a people any minister whose soul is in his work will not grudge the costliest he can render, even if it should involve the offering of the life and of the blood.

II. This sympathy will prompt to liberality—that is, an adequate and liberal provision for your minister's support. They have a right to expect this at your hands. They have foregone the chances of business, trusting to your faith and honor. The same ability which fits them for their high office, if exerted in other spheres, might have made them as wealthy, or even wealthier than yourselves. The care of the soul is certainly as important, and should be as well recompensed as the care of the health or the care of the estate. The minister's claim to his stipend rests upon a law of heavenly appointment, and it is the same law which regulates the salary of the statesman, the returns of the merchant, and the wages of the poor. "In all labor there is profit." It is the right of every man to live by sweat of brow or brain, and "they who preach the Gospel" are to "live of the Gospel," according to the Word of God. There are high spiritual reasons, reasons affecting the prosperity of the cause of Christ, why the appointment of the minister's stipend should be liberal, and the payment of it prompt and kindly. He has a great work to do, and he ought not to be called down from it by the comfortable pressure of financial cares. He needs the Tabor-experience and the Tabor-communion. Do not cloud his brow with the disquiet of straitened means, and of a dubious equality between the winner and the spender. If he is to do your souls good, he must be bold to reprove you if you need it. Let him not be ground into an unworthy dependence, destructive of his self-respect. That were at once the meanest and cheapest way to turn the rebuke of a prophet into the unheeded anger of a child.

If the Churches value the manliness and spiritual power of their teachers they will lift them above present embarrassment and the dread of penury; for when want, either personal or relative, looms upon the soul, it is the deadliest destroyer of the energy, and the surest tempter to evil. If the ministers are men of Christ's choosing they will have trampled out of their hearts the love of money; but they have a rightful claim that a just and generous award shall be made to them, not with the airs of the patron, "not grudgingly, nor of necessity," by the people of their charge. "Who goeth a warfare at any time at his own cost? Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?" "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we shall reap your worldly things?" These sentences, which you listen to in your heart's tenderest moments, when with wishful longing you await the Lord's coming to the feast, embody the teaching of the Word, and your duty in this behalf; and He, the highest, whom you serve, has joined in a wedlock, which no man may divorce, the liberality of earth and the spiritual bountifulness of heaven. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, and see if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

[To be continued.]

BAPTISM NOT IMMERSION.

BY REV. C. K. TRUE, D. D.

Two short arguments, one philosophical and the other analogical, prove that immersion, though allowable as one form of baptism, is not that form which is taught by the New Testament.

I. There are two words employed for washing in the New Testament, which are very similar, and derived from the same root—*bapto* and *baptizo*. The former, *bapto*, is used in the whole Book but three times, and means "dip," as our common Bible translates it, but has no reference to the Christian ordinance of baptism. Luke xvi, 24, "dip the tip of his finger in water;" John xiii, 26, "to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it;" Rev. xix, 13, "vesture dipped in blood." *Baptizo* is used a hundred times in itself, or its derivations, nouns, participles, tenses of the verb; and in no instance means "dip," or "immerse."

Why, then, have the Baptist Bible Union translated it *immerse*, or *dip*, in most of the one hundred verses? Because that is the first meaning of the word in the Greek lexicons. Here is the fallacy of the whole argument for immersion. The lexicon cannot determine the meaning of a word, in any book, against the usage of the author. Take the word "clever." Suppose you are on a jury, to settle the interest of a will by which a father has left his shop and tools to his "clever" boy. Can the dictionary clear this case? One of the sons is skillful, and the other is an amiable, obliging disposition. Which is meant in the will? If you should judge by the propriety of the case, you would have some criterion; but if the father were an American, you would have a different test of the question. Now the whole difficulty is removed by examining the word extensively; and if in scores of other places the word is invariably used as *skillful*, in the English sense, you could on your oath declare in fa-

vor of the skillful son. In like manner the invariable usage of the New Testament writers, one and all, is against the word being understood to mean "dip" or "immerse."

I admire the honesty and bravery of the new Baptist Bible Union, but they have lost their case with every reader, learned or unlearned; for in numerous cases where they blantly and frankly translate *baptizo* "immerse," or "dip," it is clear enough from the context and subject that it is a forced interpretation, and sometimes almost ludicrous. Luke xi, 38, "and the Pharisees, seeing it, wondered that He did not first immerse Himself before dinner." See Mark vii, 4, "and coming from the market, except they immerse themselves they do not eat." And there are many other things which they received to hold—*immersions* of cups, and pots, and brazen vessels, and couches." Do you believe immersion is meant here? You will not find a passage, referring to matters aside from water baptism—no, not one, in which the idea of immersion is impressed upon you as the meaning of *baptizo*. The case is lost, therefore.

II. The other argument is distinct from this, though lying in the same texts. It is the analogy of sign to thing signified. Water is used as a symbol of the influence of the Holy Spirit. It is not now the question of the meaning of a single word, but how, in various language, the Holy Spirit is said to baptize. Read all the passages, and you see the baptism of the Holy Spirit is described by such language as "received," "pour out," "shed forth," "fell on." See Acts ii, 17, 37, 38; x, 44; xi, 17. Now go and imitate this by water, and what will you do? Will you immerse in water, or will you pour out water?

I see no way to evade the conclusion that the New Testament does not require baptism by immersion. No doubt that mode is allowable, if you prefer it, but you have no Scriptural warrant to impose it on others. And the best book for refuting the error of the Baptists is their own new version of the Bible.

EN TOIS EPOURANIOIS: "IN THE HEAVENLYS."

EPH. I, 3-20; II, 6; III, 10; VI, 12.

BY REV. G. P. COX.

The delightful and even charming article of Brother Daniel Steele, given to us in the *Advocate of Holiness* for September, has gratified me exceedingly. He speaks like a real voyager, like a successful explorer, not in a land of imagination, but a land of veritable realities. I am delighted that he has put down his tent and driven his stakes there, and trust that he will abide there till his Master calls him higher.

The article has real genius in it; is of the Bunyan stamp; and none can read it without profit. I like his criticism, too, of the word which he translates "the heavenly," and which Bishop Eliott calls the "heavenly regions," and our version calls "heavenly places." The query in my own mind has been whether the phrase, "the heavens," signifies spots, like oases, or whether it designates the whole land of rest that is found by Christian voyagers; but, on the whole, I have concluded that it covers the whole area, yet having its specialities, as truly holy, heavenly places. And my further criticism shall be of one point of his article only, and that is "the sparseness of the population."

He may have to look a little prospectively to see a company which no man can number; still there was one of its sojourners that saw that blessed host.

And I think, looking at the present or at the past, that company is by no means "sparse." Enoch walked in this land three hundred years, and was not, for God took him. Abel had been a sojourner there before him, and they both saw its goodly fruits, and (what is more) they ate of them, and were filled. Abraham, the special friend of God, entered this beautiful land of the heavens, about four thousand years ago, and sojourned in it till his death. He came from a land of idolatry, and when he found the true God, who taught him the perfect way, he had no desire to return. Indeed, God gave the whole land to him, and promised that it should be his inheritance forever. I fancy that Jacob, although a rightful inheritor by promise, entered it after a night of intense conflict, just about the break of day. Moses saw it, at least from the Mount of Pisgah, but I am inclined to think he truly entered it in vision, and enjoyed its realities, long before God buried him. Here Samuel and David walked; and it was known to most of these ancient travelers, and they walked therein. And one of the prophets, giving an expression of his own experience, I opine, called it a place of broad rivers and streams, where there was no galley with oars. The place was marked all over with wells of salvation. Ezekiel first found its track close by the Temple, with waters issuing out that carried life everywhere, making every thing that they touched green and beautiful; and he followed it till it was so broad and deep that a man might swim in it; and it was shoreless. So all the prophets, here and there, give indications that they not only saw the land, but their feet did abide there, even the sorrowing Jeremiah.

Perhaps the disciples of the Lord Jesus, as a whole, did not find it till after the Pentecost; but surely James and John and Peter stepped fairly into it when the cloud overshadowed them

upon the Mount; and some of the lower ones must have found an oasis in this land of the heavens when, as they were walking to Emmaus, Jesus drew near and revealed Himself to them, although He vanished out of their sight. After the Pentecost, did not the hundred and twenty all enter in at once? And here they walked. And I am inclined to put in this heavenly land all the chief of the early Christians. Who can number the real fighters of those days? Paul did not enter it on that night in which he ascended to the third heavens, but he found in the land itself an oasis of superb beauty, so delightful that he could never reveal it. Indeed, these have lined the whole coast of Christian history. Ordinary travelers have discovered the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, but these sojourners discovered and enjoyed the great Pacific Sea. Some of the early travelers were lowly and unknown; others have so left their marks that he who runs may read; and there is no wise man but may see their footsteps, and walk therein.

Take the present period, and it will not be found so sparse as one might think. Even Elijah once thought that he alone was left in this land of Beulah; but the Lord said He had reserved seven thousand men who had not bowed the knee to Baal; and they must have been the Lord's, in this high sense, to have stood fast in such perilous days. How, from almost every land, have their voices come up, that they have found the heavens! Lo, the tents of Israel are goodly indeed. Their cry from every quarter is, I have found it! I have found it! Shall I say I trust that I entered this goodly land some fifty years ago. I have not been a good fighter; I needed the fleece to be washed, and dried, and washed again; but am still holding on, and have found these blessed oases, these heavenly places (I like the term) all the way along. Some times I have found them at the going down of the sun; sometimes at its rising; sometimes alone in traveling through the woods, and the welkin would ring with shouts of joy when no eye saw and no ear heard. So also have I found here mighty principalities and powers; and although the conflict has been intense, the sudden appearance of our great Prince would put an end to the controversy, and the adversary would retire from the fight. So, blessed be His name, I continue to this day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

BY REV. M. J. TALBOT, D. D.

Such, we think it can be truly said, was the life of REV. WILLIAM LIVESLEY, who was a man of marked characteristics in all respects, and would be a noticeable person in any assemblage of men. His tall and well-knit frame indicated the manly vigor of his constitution, and which was improved in the athletic sports and arduous toil of his youth. His readiness in debate, and accuracy of statement, showed a mind trained to thought and the acquisition of solid and valuable knowledge; while the rugged phrase often betrayed the lack of scholastic culture and the result of self-education. His early educational opportunities were limited and meagre; and when he started out on a career which was to bring him much into the notice of the public it was under the influence of the excellent advice of the founder of the excellent *Advocate of Holiness*, Methodism, who would have all his preachers diligent students as well as industrious "fishers of men." So, Brother Livesley became a well-read theologian, versed in both ecclesiastical doctrine and polity, and was well able to set forth and defend the claims, in both these respects, of the Church to which he was attached with an ardent affection.

Catholic in spirit, and tolerant of all who held the essentials of truth, he delighted in the defense of what he regarded as the distinctive truth, as compared with the non-essential beliefs, or with the non-essential views of those who "hold the Head;" and he was never more in his element than when bringing his most forcible logic to bear in support of the doctrines which were to him "doctrines of grace" indeed. His religious experience was deep and clear. When twenty years of age he was soundly converted; and he early embraced the doctrine and experience of perfect love. He exulted in their rich and abounding grace; he loved to preach it, and rejoiced in its spread in the Churches. It was his testimony, at the final hour, that he owed all the development of his character, and all the usefulness of his life to his early experience of full sanctification. His theology was purely Wesleyan. It was wrought in his very being, the mental and spiritual food on which he was fed from his infancy; and he loved it with intense ardor.

Brother Livesley was a man of singular transparency as well as of purity of character. He was simply honest, as well as upright. All shams, injustice and wrong were his abhorrence, and hence he was always found on the side of the weak, wronged and defenseless; and his denunciations of the evil-doer and his deeds were frequently terrible. Theodore Parker has been described as the greatest master of invective among American orators; but had William Livesley possessed the culture and the polished speech of Mr. Parker, he would have been more than his equal in that powerful and perilous gift. The anti-slavery movement was just beginning to agitate the public mind

when Brother Livesley became an American citizen, and every impulse of his nature led him to array himself, as he did at once, on the unpopular but right side in that great controversy; and there he stood, in the thick of the battle, employing his wonderful talents of logic and denunciation, and deserving more laurels than many who have entered later into the labors of such a cause. He was permitted to see the triumph of the cause which he espoused so early, and advocated with such persistence.

He was not only firm in his convictions, but he never hesitated to let them be known; and no one who knew him was long ignorant of his opinions. He reached his conclusions rapidly, and held them firmly, but was open to conviction, and readily yielded to the logic of reason or of fact. His preaching was always clear in the exposition of Scripture, and it was often attended with great power in the conviction and conversion of sinners. In most of his fields of labor he witnessed revivals, and in several the converts were very numerous.

He was a zealous friend of Christian education. His own lack of early advantages incited him to earnest activity for the benefit of others. From the purchase and establishment of Providence Conference Seminary he was one of its firmest friends and most active and vigilant trustees, performing hard service, and making personal sacrifices for its prosperity, acting as solicitor for its funds, and, for a series of years, occupying the presidential chair in the Board. The debt of the Seminary, the Conference and the public, due him for these services, can never be estimated, much less discharged. The University at Middletown owes him as much. When that institution was at the point of financial ruin, in 1844, and its eloquent President urged its pressing appeal at the Providence Conference that year, but suggested no plan of relief, it was Brother Livesley's sagacity that devised the method by which, as Dr. Olin declared, that Conference saved the institution from disaster.

A man of one work, William Livesley did not fail to see that it is a work of many departments; so he preached faithfully, labored diligently as a pastor, as a friend and patron of Christian schools, for the suppression of intemperance, the overthrow of slavery, and the elevation of the freedmen, and thus filled his days with useful activity. His was a life of earnest toil until its close. He vigilantly guarded all the interests of his Church and Conference, and had a word to say on whatever was of interest to the body, in favor of what he deemed was for its good, and against anything that seemed to portend its detriment. His brethren had confidence in him, and made him their delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, at its organization in London, in 1846. They also elected him a reserve delegate to General Conference in 1856, and he served a portion of the session as alternate for both Dr. A. Stevens and Dr. Wise respectively. Often harsh in expression, and severe in manner, those who were in his intimacy knew that his heart was full of gentleness, and the tears that frequently bedewed his eyes showed the tenderness of his emotional nature. He loved all good things and good men. His place was among the good on earth, as it now is among the good in paradise.

William, the second of fourteen children of William and Jane Livesley, was born at West Bradford, Yorkshire, England, March 8th, 1802, and was baptized in infancy at Waddington Church, trained to the trade of a cabinet-maker, converted in 1822, admitted to the Wesleyan Church, and licensed to exhort in 1825, and by Rev. T. Lessly to preach in 1826. In 1828, says he, "I was examined by the Quarterly Meeting of Halifax Circuit, Rev. J. Waterhouse chairman, and recommended to the British Conference as a missionary, and also recommended to the Mission Committee in London by Mr. Reese, and examination, I was recommended to the Conference for appointment as a foreign missionary, or to a home station preparatory to a foreign appointment. There being a large supply, there was no prospect of speedy appointment, and, objecting to a position on the reserve list, I embarked for America, September 7th, 1829, and landed at New York, October 30th. Having a brother residing at Taunton, Mass., I came to that place, and followed my business (cabinet making)."

There he made himself useful as a local preacher, and laid the foundation of Methodism in that city. While here he attended a protracted meeting at Rochester, Mass., and met the President Elder, Rev. Edward Hyde, who gave him the promise of speedy employment as a preacher. In December, at a protracted meeting in Warren, R. I., he again met Mr. Hyde, who appointed him to fill a vacancy at Portsmouth, R. I., where he remained, prosecuting his work with success until the following June, when (1830) he was received on trial in the New England Conference. Forty-five years have passed, and he has received an appointment each year, except four (1843-1846), when his health was so much impaired that he held a place among the supernumeraries. He has labored nearly all these years within the present limits of the Providence Conference, of which he became a member at its organization, in 1840. One

year (1842) he was Presiding Elder of New London District, and failure of health prevented his re-appointment. Two years he was agent for the Conference Seminary, and one year for the Freedmen. With these exceptions he has been devoted exclusively to pastoral work, and a successful as well as diligent pastor has he been.

At the Conference of 1875, though so feeble that his brethren thought he should retire to the list of supernumeraries, he insisted on "taking work," and was stationed with the Church at South Braintree. He removed to this charge, but was too feeble to minister to the flock. He had preached his last sermon; and, after three months of hunched against hope, he at length succumbed to the disease which he had resolutely resisted for years, withdrew to his quiet cottage at Martha's Vineyard, and laid himself down to die, as it proved, though he was not fully convinced till weeks had passed that his work was done, and he had come to his dying bed. But he was ready. The consolations of grace to him were neither few nor small. The attentions of his family, and of clerical brethren who were on the Island during the summer, were most grateful to him; and he often gave expression to his sober reflections, on a careful review of his life, and the final estimate of his confidence and hopes. He seemed to have a painful sense of his deficiencies, but said, "I rest my soul on Christ's blood and God's promise, and on this basis I must risk eternity. If I fail, the universe must fail."

"Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love."

On Sunday, August 22d, a few ministers and other friends, at his request, held a communion service at his cottage, which was an occasion of much comfort to him, and of which he said, "I never made preparation for the communion more thoroughly, more sincerely, more believingly;" and after speaking to the writer somewhat at length of his personal feelings, quoted,

"Nothing on earth do I desire
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

Speaking of the foundation of his faith, he said,
"How can I sink with such a prop
As bears the world and all things up?
I would not be deceived. . . I cannot believe that I am deceived, and that my brethren are deceived." He kept his old Wesleyan hymn-book near at hand, as long as he could read, and many of his descriptions of thought and feeling were quotations from that cherished volume. At the writer's last interview with him he repeated the lines,

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

At considerable length gave full expression of his confidence in the happy result of his pilgrimage, then so near its end. On the morning of the day of his death he repeated the twenty-third Psalm, in reply to the inquiries of his Presiding Elder, Rev. W. V. Morrison, and almost his last words were, "there's rest in Jesus." Thus he triumphed over the latest foe, and sank to repose on the evening of Thursday, September 2d, in the 71st year of his age.

It was Brother Livesley's request that his remains should be buried, without eulogy or ostentation, in the cemetery on the crest of the Highlands, about a half-mile from his cottage, overlooking the two camp-grounds, and in view of the ocean on both the north and south sides of the Island. His funeral was held at the stand in the Highland grove. The residents who remained in their cottages after the camp-meeting attended in large numbers, and attested in many ways their respectful regard. The principal address was delivered by the venerable Dr. Upham, his co-laborer during his entire ministry. Several other ministers assisted in the services; and with prayer and hymns we consigned him to his final rest in the beautiful spot of his own selection.

Brother Livesley was twice married—first, in 1832, to Miss Sarah Crosby Johnson, of Thompson, Conn., who, with their only daughter, preceded him to the better land; second, in 1848, to Miss Ann Eliza Adams, of Luzerne, N. Y., who, together with their only son, Olin L. Livesley, survives him.

Our Book Table.

It is safe to say that no handsomer, brighter, more amusing, or delightful volume for a holiday present for the youngest portion of our families, than the *DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY*, will be issued this season. It is from the famed Riverside Press, and is published by Hurd & Houghton. It was prepared by that rare and delightful writer for children, whom we well knew when he was himself a school-boy, Mr. Charles E. Scudder. It is crowded with pictures of every variety, the funniest of all running over into the fly-leaves. The binding is original and tasteful, and the paper is of the first quality. The letter-press is the best of all. We heard of a family of well-grown and average Christians enjoying the entertainment of its prose and ballads during an evening while it was read aloud. Take down the name of it, and buy it for the holidays. Magee has it.

Rev. Edwin M. Long has prepared an *ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS*, which has been published by Joseph F. Jagers, Philadelphia, and is for sale by James P. Magee. It is an attractively bound octavo volume of 560 pp., and is profusely illustrated with some very coarse wood-cuts which add little to its value. It contains very short sketches of

the chief writers of our standard and popular hymns, and numerous entertaining and suggestive incidents relating to these hymns. These incidents have not been sifted, and are, therefore, not all of equal merit or authenticity. They are not arranged upon any very definite plan, but afford an interesting and valuable encyclopedia of hymnology, from which to cull thoughts and incidents for praise and prayer-meetings.

Mr. E. S. Nadel, a cultivated young gentleman, son of the late lamented Dr. Nadel, has given to the reading public, in the last two or three years, through the pages of several of the leading monthlies, his observations of English social life, gathered during an official residence of eighteen months in London as a Secretary of Legation. These papers, which attracted much attention at the time of their publication, and were quite generally referred to and quoted by the newspaper press, have been collected into a neat duodecimo volume, by Scribner, Armistead & Co., and are published under the title of *IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON SOCIAL LIFE*, with Other Papers Suggested by an English Residence. It makes a very entertaining volume, and is well worthy of its permanent form.

CASSELLA; or, The Children of the Valleys, by Martha Farquharson. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a historical romance, embodying an exciting and instructive era in the history of the Waldensian persecutions by the Roman Propaganda. The incidents of the story are represented as having occurred about the opening of 1655, and are true to the recorded facts of the history of those days of suffering among the cottagers in the beautiful valleys of Piedmont.

Robert Carter & Brothers issue the sixth volume of the popular and valuable *HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE TIME OF CALVIN*, by Dr. J. H. Merle D'Aubigne. The learned and beloved author of this peculiarly interesting series of ecclesiastical history died in October of 1857. Nearly the whole, however, of his great work was completed, although he doubtless expected to have carefully revised his manuscript and corrected the proofs during its publication. But he has rested from his important labors, and his works are literally following him. Two more volumes will complete the series, and then his noble and enduring monument will be finished—a memorial more enduring than brass. The present volume records the rise and progress of the Reformation in Scotland, and the Reform under Calvin in Geneva, which is especially valuable and interesting. We shall secure a full review of this new and valuable contribution to our Protestant literature for our pages hereafter.

The same publishers are now issuing a new and very handsome edition of the works of Hugh Miller. The first volume of the new series is the one that is so painfully connected with his sad death by his own hand, he having become temporarily insane by the constant and excessive strain upon his mighty brain. Just after completing "The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed," in December, 1856, he finished his valuable life with a pistol shot, to the great shock and grief of the scientific and religious world. The present edition is the thirty-second thousand of this volume that has been published, which is of itself an adequate reason for its reproduction in its present inviting form. The science in which he was a master has progressed, but his main principles have been undisturbed, and his facts are unchallenged, while the charm of his style remains a model of clearness and beauty.

Roberts Brothers published in 1868 a very interesting volume, translated and edited from the French of Mme. Lenormant, an adopted daughter of Mme. Recamier, entitled *MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF MADAME RECAMIER*, who had then been dead nearly twenty years. This volume, while it contained the letters written to her by her friends—names of the highest note in the literary and social circles of her day—singularly enough, gave none of her own letters to her friends, in which her estimate of persons and affairs might be revealed, and which would have been a most interesting and satisfactory work, the real character and ability of this queen of French society, of whom Sainte Beuve said, "she brought the art of friendship to perfection." This lack is now (partially, at least) supplied in a companion volume, from the press of the same publishers, entitled *MADAME RECAMIER AND HER FRIENDS*. The work is from the pen of the same author, and is a text-book, which is abundantly qualified to express a critical opinion, and as containing a fine collection of superior melodies. It is well published, and is sold for \$2.50, copies being sent by mail on receipt of this sum.

The same publishers have issued, in handsome style, the long-looked-for volume for youthful readers, promised from the pen of Louisa M. Alcott, the popular authoress of "The Women." It is entitled *EIGHT COUSINS; or, The Aunt-Hill*, which is a name funny and expressive, and characteristic enough in itself. The volume has the fine dedication: "To the many boys and girls whose letters it has been impossible to answer, this book is dedicated as a peace-offering by their friend." They will all eagerly seek the peace-offering, making it a "wave-offering" in its exaltation. A long life this "Aunt-Hill" of cousins will have, and yet they will never grow old.

We can only announce the reception of a copy from Lee & Walker, 322 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, of CLARKE'S IMPROVED SCHOOL FOR THE PARLOR ORGAN, by Hugh A. Clarke, Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania. The work is a complete and full text-book, which is abundantly qualified to express a critical opinion, and as containing a fine collection of superior melodies. It is well published, and is sold for \$2.50, copies being sent by mail on receipt of this sum.

LITERARY NOTES.
The popularity of the "Little Classics" has led Osgood & Co. to prepare a set of miniature volumes, which they call "The Vest-Pocket Series," which will include such choice literary morsels as Whittier's "Snow-Bound," Longfellow's "Evangeline," the more popular of Emerson's Essays, and other exquisite bits, in which their list abounds. A new "Little classic" edition of Hawthorne's works will multiply the readers of his stories and sketches, which are unsurpassed in literature.—Rev. Phillips Brooks has selected from the sermons of his brother Frederick, who was, in the cause of his dearer, a pastor of a Church in Cleveland, enough to make a volume, and he will doubtless contribute an introduction to it. (How long must we wait before Rev. Phillips Brooks will give us one or more volumes of his own thoughtful, fervid, impressive discourses?)—Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson has written for young people a "Life of Jesus of Nazareth." There is wide room for the right kind of book on this theme, to win and hold the affectionate devotion of youthful hearts, and we hope Dr. Thompson has written it. He is not wont to attempt things beyond his reach, and we have high hopes of his success in this.—Messrs. Osgood & Co. have in prospect other books for this season, but we have named enough to prove the statement that their list is peculiarly tempting.

MY FIRST CIRCUIT.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

In 1832 I left my father's house, in East Windsor, Conn., for my first Circuit, which was Tolland, Conn., the nearest point of which was about twelve miles distant, sent there by Rev. Orange Scott, then Presiding Elder of Springfield District, as a supply, being the third preacher on the Circuit, which embraced Tolland, Stafford, Willington, and a part of Ellington, all in Connecticut. We occasionally preached in other towns adjoining. By previous arrangement my labors were to be confined principally to Ellington and Willington, and to these I was to look for my support. The first named lay in the extreme west, and the other at the extreme east of the Circuit, so that in going from one to the other I must travel some seven or eight miles, my course leading through Stafford, where was the principal Society of the Circuit. It was expected, however, that at certain times I should take my turn with the other preachers in all the appointments of the Circuit.

My colleagues were Nehemiah E. Rogers and Charles Hayward, both uniting with the Conference that year. Bro. Rogers was about forty years of age, tall, spare, somewhat venerable in appearance, for one of his years, and though naturally social, was at times given to despondency, owing doubtless to his feeble state of health. He had been a useful local preacher for several years, connected with the Chestnut Street Church, Providence, R. I. He was deeply pious, sensible, conscientious, wise in council, true and sincere in his friendships, every ready to do what he believed to be duty, possessed fair preaching ability, and in all respects was an excellent superintendent of the Circuit. He lived in Tolland, with Bro. Guerdon Isham, where it was always a pleasure to visit him, so pleasant and cheerful was his home. Owing to his feeble state of health he requested to be discontinued from the traveling connection at the close of the year, and removed to Hampton, Ohio, where he soon closed his life in Christian triumph.

Rev. Charles Hayward was about twenty-one years old, of robust health, a diligent student, of good talents, excellent as a public speaker, and was able to perform a great amount of work on the Circuit. He was unmarried, and, with myself, lived among the people, having no permanent boarding place. His health failing, he located in 1841, and settled on a farm in Gill, Mass., where many an itinerant has found a home, and enjoyed the hospitality of our friend and his most excellent companion, who is now among the redeemed in glory. Bro. Hayward has again entered the itinerancy, and is at present supplying the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rowe, Mass.

There were two Church edifices on the Circuit, one in Tolland and one in Ellington, and one erected in Stafford during the year. The Societies in Tolland and Ellington were among our oldest in New England, and their houses of worship were erected as early as 1792. The one in Ellington was erected by Thomas Spencer, residing at East Hartford, a man of great eccentricities, but one of the first Methodists of Connecticut. The New England Conference held its session in Tolland, August 11, 1793, and it was held in the "house of worship recently erected, and but partially finished."

The Society in Tolland at this time was not large, but possessed considerable wealth, and embraced some of the most respectable and influential families of the town. Among these were Hon. George M. Hyde, one of the leading men of the State, occupying important positions, and brother of the sainted Edward Hyde. He died at Wilbraham, Mass., a few years since, at an advanced age, having been a member of the Methodist Church nearly seventy years. Joseph Howard was a pure, intelligent, enterprising citizen, and a useful local preacher for about forty years. He had rendered great service to Methodism in that town and vicinity. He, with his father and mother, brother and sister, became members of the Methodist Church about 1790, and it was on his father's land that the house of worship was erected. Rowland Lathrop had long been a local minister, was a man of good natural abilities, a Bible student, an able preacher, deeply pious, and possessed great shrewdness. In argument he had but few equals. He had a perfect hatred of all shams, in religion or elsewhere, and whatever he saw looking in that direction was sure to get a thrust which never failed to do execution. Anything like show and display in the pulpit would call him sharp rebuke. His simplicity, frankness and honesty were remarkable. He was scrupulously exact in all business matters, and was ever ready to sympathize with, and relieve the afflicted, poor and needy. Sometimes his likes and dislikes were shown in a way not so agreeable to the offending parties. He did not like to be annoyed by peddlers. Once, as I was sitting in his large, spacious kitchen, before the large, open fire-place, an essence peddler came in and opened his trunk, and displaying his bottles and phials, announced that he had any kind of essence desired. Then, said Mr. Lathrop, "you are the man I want to see." "You want essence, then, do you?" "O, yes; but I am afraid you have not the kind I want." "I have all kinds," he rejoined; and on he went, calling the different names. After proceeding some time in this way he was told,

"you have not hit the right one yet." On he went till he came to the end of his list, and was still assured that he had not named the right one. "Pray, tell me what kind of essence you want? It must be something no mortal ever heard of, but yourself." "It is a very scarce essence; but few possess it; it is the essence of pure religion." The peddler departed in haste, and it is presumed he was never troubled with him again. This remarkable man lived in a village in the eastern part of the town, called "Skunkung," and the first time I read a notice from the pulpit for religious services in that place I wondered who could have invented such a horrible name; but when I became acquainted with the excellent people living there the name became rather pleasant than otherwise.

It was in Tolland that the first printed attack on Methodism was made in New England. It was by the Rev. Nathan Williams, the Congregational minister of the town, in a sermon preached on Fast Day, April 17, 1793, which was published, with a letter from Dr. Huntington, of Coventry, both of which were exceedingly severe in their denunciation of Methodism, and most uncharitable in spirit. They were replied to by Rev. George Roberts, then Presiding Elder of the District; and, if he did not annihilate them, he so exposed their falsehoods and misrepresentations as to place their authors in no enviable light, and consigned the documents to a death from which they have had no resurrection.

[To be continued.]

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The London Christian World proclaims the Bonn Conference for the unification of Christendom to have been projected in the interests of Episcopalianism, and Dollinger a party to it, as shown in his professed willingness to yield the chair for the Bishop of Lincoln, than whom England has not a greater exclusionist.

The London Congregational Union, synonymous with our American Church Extension Society, seems to meet with small favor. Only about £1,100 were raised this year being pledged. The "Chapel Building Society" seems to lie in its way, refusing to be "swallowed up" as an old fashioned thing.

Dr. John Cummings has announced that he will deliver lectures on "Moody and His Place in Prophecy."

The Methodist Episcopal Church has 150 women helpers in India, daily engaged in their work of doing good.

The Catholics compose one eighth of our State population, but are represented in the penitentiary by 319 out of 714 prisoners.

Bishop Peck has received the degree of LL. D. from Willamette University. Gladstone's deep religious sentiment was received from his devout mother, who was of the evangelical faith.

A Christian chapel for the Chinese has been built in Virginia City, Nev., by the labors of Ah Foo, a Chinaman of the Moody type.

Some of the Jews in London are inquiring as to the teaching of the Scriptures respecting Christ, and some have embraced the truth.

The London Metropolitan Lay Mission numbers 600 volunteer workers. During the past year 84,791 visits were made, 3,352 meetings held in halls (attended by 112,005 persons), with 150 open-air services, 115,000 tracts and illustrated periodicals given away, and 1,540 persons induced to attend public worship.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Franklin, Pa., completed, recently, a course of weekly lectures on the Bible, taking it up verse by verse, commencing the 4th July, 1854. In twelve and a half years he completed the Old Testament; eight and a half more were devoted to the New.

The New York Preachers' Meeting was crowded lately to hear Rev. J. M. Buckley on "supposed miracles." He was listened to for nearly three hours.

Robert Stockwell, of Lafayette, Indiana, has died, in his 90th year. He was a bountiful giver to Methodist Churches and institutions.

Bishop Simpson was in good health at Copenhagen, August 18th, and met our ministers in that country, going thence to Elsinore, to see the Prussian Minister about our Church property in Germany.

The Spanish Papal Nuncio, on the 17th ult., claimed the fulfillment of the Concordat, which forbids the exercise of any non-Catholic creed; also the superintendence of education by the clergy, and the secular power compelled to suppress heretical teaching and literature.

The Word and Work says a young Norwegian, converted at one of the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, returned to Norway and started a Sunday-school, the first ever opened in the north of that country, which bids fair to be the seed of much permanent blessing.

The Jewish Messenger thinks the Hebrews ought to profit by the Uniform Lesson system, now so general in Sunday-schools the world over.

TEMPERANCE.

THE TEMPERANCE WAR.

Sometime about 1856 I chanced to pick up a copy of a magazine called the "Bond of Brotherhood," edited by Elihu Burritt, well and widely known as the "Learned Blacksmith." It contained an article on American slavery, and in it was a sentence which

ran something like this:—"If it were never existed excepting on paper, Skirmishes and riots very likely there will sometimes be in the execution of the law, but I see no serious indications that this great conflict between Temperance and Intemperance will ever be fought out by the sword and the musket. There is no question but there will be a conflict; nay, there is a mighty conflict now going on, but it lies between ignorance and intelligence—ignorance as to the real nature of the stuff, and its effects, first and last, upon the system."

There used to be in the early days of the Temperance movement a great deal of discussion on these topics, and a great deal of teaching, and that was one secret of our success. The origin of alcohol, its essential vileness, and its inevitable effects upon those who take it, were pictured in such forcible truthfulness as is seldom seen nowadays. They were going on, with rapid strides and common sense arguments, to show that alcohol has no place in the human system, when science proved laggard. Men said that we were injuring our case by claiming too much—that alcohol doubtless had some physical use, and we must wait till it was proved. Other things also tended to divert attention from this point; and so they banded themselves together for protection and self defense, under the pledge of not taking it for the sake of the weaker brother; and in this back-handed, hampered way they did all the Temperance work that was done for many years.

At last, when scientific men set about to prove how alcohol benefits the system, it was found out that they could not prove any such thing. And the more they say about it the more probable it becomes that alcohol is of no benefit whatever to the human system. All the truths of science, so far as they are known, are on the side of the strictest total abstinence. This is an all important fact. The truths of nature are the truths of God, and it is a bootless task to fight against them. If alcohol is really adapted to the wants of the human system its use in the end will prevail; if not, it will go down. The liquor dealers understand this, and fight shy of the issue. They prefer to talk about anything else, or rather not to talk at all. Discussion they hate; light they abominate. It is also true that those communities which are most intelligent concerning the nature of alcohol, and its effects on the human system, have made the most headway against it. This is wonderfully illustrated in the history of some small towns whose special attention has been paid to this topic. It is also true of whole States, like Maine and Massachusetts, as an attentive observer will find, though there is room enough, even within their borders, for increased knowledge. Hereafter we shall make some appeals to facts for the illustration of these statements.

"PRESERVATION OF GRAPES." A More Excellent Way.—I have tried, Mr. Editor, both of the ways suggested by your correspondent, W. B., in last week's HERALD, for keeping grapes, without the highest satisfaction. But I have had a more excellent way, namely: After picking and preparing them, as he suggests, instead of packing them in barrels, with cotton batting or sawdust, provide tight, low boxes, of convenient length and width. Put two thicknesses of paper in the bottom of the box; then lay in your clusters carefully and closely, without crowding; cover them carefully with more paper; then a layer of grapes, as before; and so on. But do not put more than three, or at most four layers of fruit in one box; cover them with paper, and close the box tight, and put them in a dry, cool place, till such times as they are wanted for use. In this way your grapes will not only keep well, but you will avoid the necessity of picking off the cotton, and washing off the sawdust before using.

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CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 75 @ 80 c. bush.

OATS—20 @ 25 c. bush.

RYE—20 @ 25 c. bush.

SHORTS—22 @ 25 c. bush.

FIVE FEED—22 @ 25 c. bush.

SUGAR—Timothy Hay, \$1.00 @ 1.25; Red Top, \$1.00 @ 1.25; R. I. Hay, \$1.00 @ 1.25; Clover, 15 @ 16 c. bush.

APPLES—20 @ 25 c. bush.

PORK—20 @ 25 c. bush.

LARD—20 @ 25 c. bush.

BUTTER—20 @ 25 c. bush.

CHEESE—20 @ 25 c. bush.

EGGS—20 @ 25 c. bush.

HAY—20 @ 25 c. bush.

POTATOES—15 @ 20 c. bush.

BRANDY—Extra, 25 @ 30 c. medium, 20 @ 25 c. 0.00 bush.

POULTRY—20 @ 25 c. bush.

TURKEYS—20 @ 25 c. bush.

EGGS—20 @ 25 c. bush.

CARROTS—20 @ 25 c. bush.

DRIED APPLES—8 @ 12 c. bush.

FRESH TOMATOES—10 @ 15 c. bush.

CUCUMBERS—6 @ 10 c. bush.

ONIONS—20 @ 25 c. bush.

GREEN CORN—10 @ 15 c. bush.

MALLOW SQUASH—20 @ 25 c. bush.

CABBAGES—6 @ 10 c. bush.

PEARS—10 @ 15 c. bush.

GRAPES—White, 40 @ 50 c. Concord, 50 @ 60 c. bush.

REMARKS.—Fresh Tomatoes have advanced to 15 @ 20 c. bush. Pork has advanced. Egg market improved.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1875.

Rev. J. Oldham, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Coventry, Conn., sends out through his families a circular giving a list of all the meetings in the town and vicinity conducted by himself, his leaders, and preachers and praying band. As one of the vital means of grace he recommends an early subscription to ZION'S HERALD—a most sensible minister, and a happy people. May the blessing of God crown all their endeavors!

The Watchman (Wesleyan), in an admirable editorial setting forth the correlated duties of ministers and people, as they enter upon new pastoral relations, calls vigorously upon the membership for hearty personal co-operation.

"We need," it says, "in this matter a revival of the old spirit, and the old method of doing the work of God. We must, by all means, get rid entirely of any notion that the saving of souls is the business of only a profession. Every Christian should be a worker—and that in spiritual work. We need something far higher and better than competent stewards and able managers of temporalities. We need that our Church should be an army of steady, earnest, loving, persevering workers for directly spiritual results. Let but the ministers be encouraged by the steady co-operation of laymen and Church-members in the use of our old, well-tried, and always successful method, and the year's record will be a happy one, and the most palmy days of our glorious past."

The Congregationalist devotes a good share of its last issue to the consideration of the proper length of sermons. Answers to inquiries on this point have been secured from a great number of ministers and laymen. These opinions vary from fifteen minutes to as long as an hour can hold the undivided attention of the people. The weight of judgment is in favor of from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Few writers, however, can be endured over forty minutes, and a sermon read of that length will seem to the audience longer. The delivery of one without a manuscript, if equally thoughtful and well uttered, of fifty or sixty minutes. A rapid speaker, always seems shorter than a slow and monotonous one. A well-condensed, rapid, earnest discourse of thirty-five minutes is about a model in length, and leaves ordinarily the best impression. But we once heard Dr. Olin preach two hours and twenty minutes, and the only regret felt in the church was when he stopped. Everybody doubted at first the testimony of his watch when he looked at it, as to the time that had elapsed, the sermon only seeming to be of the ordinary length. As long as a free and happy rapport continues between the pulpit and the pew, there is no difficulty as to length. When this ceases, the sermon is too long, however limited.

The Observer quotes from Fraser's Magazine a sentence from an interesting paper, showing the effect of the reformation upon Whitefield and Wesley, upon the public manners and morals. "Sensual excess," the writer says, "was the order of the day from the restoration of Charles II until it was checked by Methodism outside of the Church, and by Evangelicalism within." And he adds this sentence, worth being pondered in view of the question of licensing the sale of liquors: "We have not yet recovered from the mischief of giving to the exchequer a direct interest in the drinking habits of the nation."

An important addition has been made to the list of clergymen who are to preach during the present week in Music Hall. Bishop Cummins of the Reformed Episcopal Church, a very earnest and eloquent preacher, will occupy the platform Nov. 10. To those of our readers who receive our paper before the date of its publication we say, once more, do not fail to obtain a ticket to this most interesting and profitable series of services. The course is opened Wednesday evening by Rev. Mr. Talmage, whom all will wish to hear. The late trains on this evening will accommodate all the surrounding towns.

The Western Methodist introduces its readers to an entirely original term. It announces the departure of a godly lady of advanced age as "the death of a venerable matriarch." We were obliged to read for a sentence or two to learn the nature of the calamity recorded. We thought at first it must be some social or public office that had been vacated by death. But we discovered, as we read on, that the word was loaned to be the feminine of patriarch, and that the editor recorded the death of Mrs. Jacoba Young, the excellent mother of Rev. Dr. R. A. Young of the Church South.

We had a pleasant call last week from our venerable Brother, Rev. J. Mars. He seemed as bright, and cheerful and devout as ever, but his bodily strength is abated, and he has suffered severely from inflammatory rheumatism. He has been unable to perform the slightest ministerial service; but his heart is as warm, and his desires as fresh and strong to preach the Gospel as ever. He is now seventy-one. He has a little home in Athol, and is prayerfully, and in childlike trust, awaiting the will of God, though in feebleness and pain. Many prayers will be offered for this excellent and faithful minister, whose labors have been so abundant and successful.

"THE LAWYERS AT PRAYER."

We can hardly find a substantial reason why the title of our editorial, which we noticed at the head of an article in the London Christian World, appeared so singular as to arrest our attention and to secure the reading of the interesting incident which it introduced. Why should not lawyers hold Christian conferences, as well as merchants or ministers? And why should there be to this involuntary feeling of incongruity between this noble profession and the most earnest and devout religious exercises? Some of the finest examples of Christian temper and character, some of the most active and faithful workers in the Master's vineyard, some of the clearest and strongest defenders of the truth as it is in Jesus, have been found, and are still to be found, holding high positions upon the bench and at the bar—stations which they equally honor by their ability and piety.

There certainly is no reason why a lawyer in a large practice, a criminal lawyer as well as one devoted wholly to civil business, may not illustrate the highest form of Christian discipleship. Some of the most godly men with whose acquaintance we have been honored were active lawyers until the day of their peaceful summons to a higher tribunal. We have a copy of that touching leaflet, entitled "The Border Land," picturing the ecstatic joys of the soul as the gates of heaven open before its gaze, sent to us by one of the much-respected lawyers of our city—the first president of the Young Men's Christian Association—from his dying bed, signed at the bottom with his well-known initials, F. O. W., as expressive of his final triumph over the last enemy and his rapturous vision of paradise. It is a well-known fact that several of our most successful and devoted lawyers entered upon the legal profession and studied upon the practice of the law, afterwards changing their life work, not through any incompatibility between the profession and a holy life, but because they have been seized with a divine persuasion that God had other work for them to do. Dr. Charles G. Finney, Dr. Edward N. Kirk, Dr. R. S. Storrs, and many others that might be named, entered the pulpit through a legal porch. Some of our most eminent jurists, like the highly respected New York Justice of the Federal Court, lately deceased, have been very exemplary office bearers in the Churches, and many of our most prompt and instructive Bible teachers bring to the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures minds thoroughly trained for the discovery of the truth embodied in the inspired volume.

It must be confessed that the high moral tone which has hitherto characterized the leaders in this profession, the nice sense of propriety and respect for legal righteousness, the manly esprit de corps, has been seriously lowered in different portions of the country, especially in the city of New York, by the readiness and openness with which the noblest forensic gifts, the sharpest intellectual acumen, and the ripest experience in the law, have been proffered, not simply for the legal defense of criminal clients, but to enable them to evade the clearest statutes by mere technicalities, and even to aid them in consummating great public frauds, receiving openly, and without a blush, no inconsiderable share in the plunder. There is a province in the defense of an avowed criminal into which any lawyer may properly enter. To secure a proper guard over innocence, and to cover it against the strange coincidences of suspicious circumstances which not infrequently involve those that are guiltless of offense, the law justly affords the suspected person the benefit of a well-trained counsel. It is better that scores of the guilty should escape than that one innocent man be unjustly punished. To secure to all the pretty well defined guards which the statutes thus provide is the appropriate work of the intelligent and experienced counsel. But to become a participant in a public wrong by selling expertness in law for the technical defense of a public defrauder, or to enable shrewd speculators to enrich themselves at the expense of less daring or intelligent holders of common property, as in some of the modern railroad litigations, destroys all the ancient prestige of the profession, lowers the public respect for the law of the land, and greatly demoralizes the community. The Erie Railroad, the gold corners, and the municipal "ring" of New York City, proved the moral and social ruin of men that had previously acquired a national reputation in their legal profession. A hopeful reaction is manifest. The bar of New York has felt the need of a radical reform, in order to save its respect in the community and retain its hold upon the public confidence. The profession has everything at stake, and every reason for preserving a high moral and many one throughout its ranks.

This lawyers' meeting in London which attracted our attention was the anniversary of a union prayer meeting which had been held monthly since 1852. Annually the members have a public tea together. The last one took place lately in Doughty Hall, Bedford Row. The hall on this occasion was well filled with lawyers and lawyers' clerks, Baron Pollock, of well-known legal fame, presided, supported by men of high forensic note, as vice presidents. These dry men of the law opened their social speaking with one of Dr. Watts' spiritual hymns, and with a tender prayer from a leading lawyer. Baron Pollock introduced the speaking with a very affecting and impressive allusion

to his own religious experience. A prominent lawyer, Mr. Robert Baxter, made a very animated address upon the revival then progressing under the labors of Moody and Sankey, and of the responsibility that would rest upon them as Christian disciples when these honored laborers were no longer with them. He mentioned the interesting fact that he was himself converted while practicing law in Bombay, thirty-seven years before. And thus this remarkable meeting went on, Baron Pollock concluding it by giving his testimony to the value of religion, especially as the defense of a young lawyer exposed to the temptations of his class and to those of a great city, and also to the very different ones, but not less subtle and serious, that solicit a lawyer at a more advanced period of his career and when in full practice.

An observer, who was present, remarked that a spirit of consecration seemed alike to rest on prayer and speech and song. He could scarcely realize the fact, he says, that he "was in the midst of lawyers and lawyers' clerks." With such a body of Christian men as our city possesses, in the practice of the law, such a concerted movement for the spiritual well being of the younger members of the bar, and to secure the great moral force of a pronounced and organized union for evangelical purposes, could not fail to be attended with the best results. It would be an exceedingly appropriate forerunner of several such movements among persons of similar sympathies to prepare the way for the labors of the evangelists who have been so eminently useful in Great Britain, should they be providentially drawn to enter upon the same kind of labors here. Certainly it might be made a great blessing to themselves to enjoy such a concert of prayer and Christian experience, with the accompanying worship in song, together.

IMPORTANT SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The American Peace Society is doing a good work, in spite of the general dubiousness of public opinion regarding such schemes for the suppression of war. Its present secretary, Rev. Dr. Miles, has persistently labored to bring into service, for its object, the great international legists of Europe and America; and the ever memorable Anglo-American arbitration at Geneva, Switzerland, has powerfully abetted his efforts. Since that momentous case, which saved England and America from war, the civilized world has come to believe that arbitration may yet become a recognized and general means of maintaining the peace of Christendom at least; and the secretary has wisely availed himself of this growing sentiment. Without, therefore, thrusting the Society's abstractions on public attention, as the only means for its object, he has aimed at international amendments of the laws and usages of war; he has got up conventions in Europe for this purpose; by travel and personal consultations, in all the leading States, he has succeeded in enlisting in these conventions, the most distinguished authorities of international law, both statesmen and professors in the universities and by the successive sessions of these distinguished scholars and publicists he has forced the attention of the civilized world to the great ultimate question of the Society, the permanent pacification of the nations.

There is now hardly a single recognized authority in international law, in Europe and America, who does not take part in these conventions. The last one has just adjourned at the Hague. Our own distinguished lawyer, David Dudley Field, of New York, presided, and there was present a considerable number of eminent American jurists. The leading States of Europe were represented by their best men in this highest department of jurisprudence. The greatest themes were discussed, such as "arbitration," "the reduction of armaments," and "the realities which should precede any recourse to war." A resolution, proposed by Mr. Richard, member of the British Parliament, was adopted, to the effect that the conference rejoices in the fact that so many national legislatures have already, by distinct votes, sanctioned the principle of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes; and hopes the example will be followed by other legislatures. The resolution expresses a great realized fact, as well as a very probable prospect. In fine, the course taken by our Peace Society in this respect (for the credit is really due to our Society), is the right one, and promises to be a successful one.

These conventions, or conferences, promote their main design (the abolition of war) by not confining their attention to it. They revise, more or less, the whole international code; and so many modifications of international law have been rendered necessary by the exigencies of modern navigation, commerce, etc., that the cabinets of Europe are generally interested in these discussions and propositions of these assembled authorities. Commanding attention by great secondary but yet very momentous and urgent subjects, they cannot fail to direct it more or less effectively to their main design. The question of permanent peace can, therefore, no longer be looked upon as a fancy of religious enthusiasts, or impractical philanthropists; it has become a grave and grand theme of the legal science of Christendom. It is rapidly assuming the dignity which properly belongs to it, in the consideration of legal scholars and advanced statesmen. Let it fairly get once under way on this track, and it will, like many other reformatory ideas in history, dominate public

opinion, at last, as an indisputable truism, an indispensable step in the progressive civilization of the world. The Christian "enthusiasts" and "fanciful philanthropists" have had to do, thus far, the chief work of the new reform, and they will still have to do much of it; but it would seem that they have at last brought their cause to one of those crises which mark the history of nearly every great movement of civilization (like that, for example, of American abolitionism), and where the imputations of popular extravagance or moral fanaticism give way to broad and profound recognition in the public mind, and the cause takes a triumphant and irreversible ascendancy, resplendent with the best talent of a nation or of the world.

Coincidentally (may we not say providentially?) with this convention at the Hague was held in Paris the International Working Men's Congress. This is an important combination of the practical classes of Europe. Heretofore it has been considered formidable, by reason of its popular elements and the perils of "communism;" but, singularly enough (and a capital vindication of popular intervention in questions of government), this association is intent on promoting the disarmament of Europe, and the permanent establishment of international peace. This was the dominant strain of the late "congress." The "working men" of Europe there presented an example worthy of imitation by all its princes and statesmen. They brought out the statistical data of war—its waste of men and money, of virtue and of happiness. They called for arbitration, for common sense and common humanity in the settlement of international disputes. They showed especially how the industrious classes are martyred by the war policy, and how every grand interest of civilization is retarded by war expenditures. They told the startling fact that 2,000,000 men, the youth and flower of the European populations, are now kept in "standing armies"—kept from "productive" industries, kept as mere "consumers," and kept thus for the purpose, in case of war, of butchering one another on the fields which should be the scenes of their peaceful labors. This fact is a sheer proof of infatuation, of madness in the councils of the nations. It was further shown that while \$40,000,000 are expended for education, no less than \$2,000,000,000 are spent for military purposes. These are indeed stunning facts. They are uttered by the working men in convention to their fellow toilers and fellow sufferers in the workshops and fields of Europe. They cannot be uttered in vain.

And thus, while the higher mind of Christendom, its best jurists and statesmen, are reaching enlightened conclusions on the policy of war, the working men, "the bone and sinew" of the nations, are concurrently moving in the same direction. Such a state of things cannot exist without result. It is the historical rationale of all successful and permanent reforms. It marks the stage in the progress of inquiry and agitation where general and invincible conviction takes the place of doubt and disputation, of petty objection and petulant sarcasm. Wars have never been greater than in our age; but ideas against war have also never been greater. The converse facts are not inexplicable and the logical inference from them is one of hope, if not assurance, to all good men. God speed the right!

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

ASCENT OF JAMES PEAK.

Disappointment may be utilized by energetically seizing the first opportunity for useful endeavor. If wheels cannot be had for the visitation of the wonder "patch," the mineral centre whence countless lodes do radiate, hooft can be obtained for the ascent of James—his Peak. Accordingly, we laid upon the lively stables, and peacefully secure a Rosinante whose uncertain appearance induces a "swap" with the gentlemen who is to act as guide, and whose charger is the equine ideal of strength and steadiness. True, it is half-past nine, and the rule is to start at sunrise; besides, we must do some prospecting on the way, for only on condition of sharing therein can the company and guidance be realized. The task seems Herculean. Twenty-five miles there; and back, to say nothing of walking and climbing over unknown roads and through pathless forests, is, to a poor equestrian who has not been stridden an animal for ten years, one of the hardest and dullest of jokes.

Away we go, John Gilpin like—our companions careering along with jaunty and graceful air, and inquiring sympathetically how we get along. Well, we got along, with aching limbs, and martyred endurance, and found it exceedingly problematical whether the power to walk remained on dismounting. Twelve miles ride over mountainous wholly denuded of timber, by the greedy requisitions of smelting works, and up valleys where solitary or associated men prosecuted gulch mining by hydraulic processes, brought us to the divide above the owl-haunted remains of Mammoth City. Mammoth City is situated in Mammoth Gulch, which widens out into the emerald Esclad Park, and is watered by the sparkling torrent of South Boulder Creek, whose volume is fed by the ever-smelling snows of James Peak. Mammoth City formerly exulted in 300 inhabitants, and prospects of illimitable prosperity. But the ores became refractory as the miners delved deeper, and obstinately refused to yield their treasures to stamp mill and quicksilver. The result was the desertion of the mines, and the abandon-

ment of the city to the bears and mountain rats. It is now an extremely melancholy place. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Now for the prospecting. Here, on the side-hill, is a piece of burnt quartz. Here again are several pieces, decomposed and honeycombed by the agency of fire. We follow the streak of "blossom," or "float" rock, up the mountain to the summit. There the erupted mineral crops out on the surface. Hammers are brought into active service, and the revelations of fractured rocks studied with professional intensity and zest. The skilled companions determine to sink a shaft, in order to define the character and quality of the lode; and then, if necessary, to sink other shafts where the superficial indications show that it runs. The writer carried off some specimens—light ones at the time, but very heavy before the day was over.

Sated and satisfied with discovery, the haversacks were next explored. Mr. County Surveyor, to whom gentler knight never trod on carpet, coolly remarked, as he handled his pocket knife, "I scalped nine Indians with that on one day."

"How was that?" queried the scribe, with assumed indifference.

"It was at Sand Creek, near the Arkansas, where we surprised the Indians," in 1864. Col. Chivington, who used to be a Presiding Elder, was in command. The Indians were mainly Cheyennes and Arapahoes. They numbered over 500. For many months they had waylaid and massacred parties crossing the plains, and had plundered and murdered many families near Denver. We found after the battle that their blankets were fringed with the scalps of women and children. I was Major of cavalry, and was first into the engagement. Nothing can make an Indian respect you and regard your rights but the strong arm. They think it an awful thing to be scalped, for they cannot enter the happy hunting grounds without their hair. That's why I scalped them."

"But did you kill women and children, as well as warriors?"

"We could n't help it. The bucks dug rifle pits in the sand, and the squaws took guns and fought savagely by the side of their husbands; and all in front of their tepees. We could not help the balls killing the women and children."

"We did n't want to help it," said another narrator, who described, with quaint and horrible perspicuity, the whole affair. "Nis become lie." Both men were New Yorkers, of good families, and well educated. One was a high county official, and as courtly and manly a fellow as could be met with in a day's journey. The poor Indian gets no sympathy from the frontiersman. The Utes he tolerates, and even patronizes; but they were unmercifully thrashed into submission, over twenty years ago. Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Sioux and Comanches he hates and despises. To the military he metes out unmeasured ridicule. "They never find the Indians they chase, because they have n't lost any. We never go after them except whenever we lost them, and then we always find them." Men who are reminded of Indian hostilities by the scars on their own bodies and those of their families, and whose memories are filled with burning homesteads and unutterable horrors of captivity and brutal treatment, will not reason on the subject of Indian policy. They have a policy, short, sharp, decisive—that of extermination.

The Indians in Colorado have given no trouble since the terrible chastisement inflicted by Chivington. He was dismissed in disgrace from the army, expelled from the ministry, and, as alleged, is now immured for gross crimes in some Illinois penitentiary. The Coloradoans remember him, notwithstanding, with gratitude, and, while acknowledging his sins, maintain that, as a soldier and Indian fighter, he was the bravest, skillfullest and most successful of the brave. His is a sad and warning record. No soldiers made worse mistakes during the rebellion than the Christian ministers and officials who thought to secure promotion and influence by the sacrifice of moral principle and religious profession; and none, secularly considered, were wiser than those who upheld both. Personal observation in army life confirmed the conclusion that the first were as universally despised and distrusted as the latter were respected and honored.

Discussion on Indian policies took wide range. The one universally acceptable may be briefly sketched as follows: Collect them on ample reservations, and take away their arms and ponies; teach them agriculture, mechanics, and Christianity; give them a good secular education; then admit them to citizenship, and let them survive or perish under equal legal conditions with the whites. A truce to the Indians.

Half past two has come. Mr. Surveyor has gone, and we two turn our faces to the Peak, and our horses into the woods. Mr. Editor, when you want a novel experience, take a horse-back ride on the top of Mammoth Divide. You will always remember it. The dry boughs of scraggy pines will scratch you; occasional morasses will sough to swallow you; fallen timber will conspire with the equine gymnast underneath to spill you; and the tangled maze of crushing twigs, through which the knowing brute forces his way, will knock your most respectable beaver into a worse mess than print the pie. Holding on by turns to pomel and crupper, performing feats that would astonish the crowds on Boston Common, you would emerge into the regular trail, thankful that the thing

was done, and determined never to do it again. Experience has rooted this conviction.

Selecting a short cut round the shoulder of a grass-clad cone, riding and walking by turns (when very demoralized, people hold on to the end—by the tail), we mount above the line of perpetual snow, above the timber line, the grass line—up, up, always up, untill, breathless, footsore, and exhausted, we stand on the very summit of James Peak, over 14,000 feet above the sea-level. Lung and heart we know now are in perfect order. They stand the atmospheric tenacity and the accelerated action with utmost ease. Thank God! May the last ever be filled with His love, the former unwearied in His prize! Love and praise become us; they are His due. But praise sits silent on our tongues; words are too feeble to express impression and emotion. Perched on the tallest vertebra of the continent—the true backbone, as one has termed it—we can throw a glass of water from the left hand, down this awful precipice, 1500 feet, or more, into the Fraser River, whence, meandering through the forest glades and grassy meads of snow-fringed Middle Park, it will flow into the Grand, and thence into the Colorado, the Gulf of California, and the Pacific. If thrown from the right hand, the water will run into the Clear Creek, South Platte, Missouri, Mississippi, Mexican Gulf, and at last into the broad Atlantic. A momentary resolve determines the destiny of the glass-full of water, and all the animals it holds. Are there not critical epochs in men's lives when the resolve of the moment determines the destinies of the future, destinies characteristically different as heaven and hell?

Below us lies Middle Park, whence Fremont found no aggress, and where he lost so many men and horses. Rimmed in by snowy ranges, it looks like some immense Chinese porcelain bowl. Beyond it, north and west, range after range, glowing coldly in the light of the setting sun. Beneath you, to the south, is a series of six beautiful lakes, the upper one half-full of ice and snow, from which issues the beautiful South Clear Creek, in whose valley lies the bustling Georgetown—just now excited by the fiendish assassination of Jacob Snyder, the Denver banker, by Jackson Bishop, the Texan bush-whacker and desperado. Above and beyond Georgetown are the Pelican and Dives mines, whose litigated difficulties culminated in the murder of Mr. Snyder; the Silver Plume, Empire, Argentine, and other famous mines; the mines and tunnels of Leavenworth, Republican, Sherman and Griffith mountains; the enormously wealthy, large mineral tract of the Newcastle Coal and Mineral Land Co., and other notable properties. East of us rise the plains, bounded seemingly by the horizon, but stretching away for hundreds of miles. Under our feet were three varieties of large flowering moss, bearing delicate flowers, red, white, and blue; also a species of houseleek, long famed in Europe for staunching the blood-flow from wounds. We brought away specimens of each.

Verily, thought we, the Lord has raised, in living forms, the national colors on the top of the Rocky Mountains. Long may they wave! The struggle to keep them there entailed many wounds which only the "plant of renown" can staunch; but He is everywhere present to heal. Through the blood of His Cross all healing virtue flows in on mankind. He has planted His banner on the top of the mountains—the banner of the Cross. Before the writer's eyes is a splendid photograph of it, taken by the Hayden Expedition. It rests in permanence on the mountain of the Holy Cross, one of the number attaining an altitude of 14,000 feet, or more, about 100 miles to the west of Mount Lincoln. Reaching from the summit downward is a deep, the receding ravine, bisected about the fourth of its length from the top by a transverse ravine. Both are perpetually filled with snow, which, contrasting vividly with the deep hues of coniferous rocks, form a perfect and beautiful Maltese cross. Ours is the land of the Holy Cross, not in any magic, Romish sense but the land of the Cross because it belongs to the Crucified—in the land of the Cross because in it the life of Him that died thereon for all is to be grandly and graciously reproduced in the lives of His followers. "Let all the people say amen."

Cold, wet by rain falling with the dusk, weary and worn, we descended, till in the deep gloaming we entered the forest that clothes the base of the mountain.

"Let your horse go! he will take us home," ejaculated the nervous, gentlemanly guide, who was unequivocally and miserably lost. What else could the scribe do? For four long miles we let him go, unable even to see his head. Emerging into an open space, the knowing animal began to graze, evidently determined to camp out. What was to be done? It rained; feet like chunks of ice; no sign of a road; dark, very dark; no matches to set the forest, or a part of it, on fire; wet, suppleless; horses happy at supper. Just then the light of a miner's cabin caught the eye. Riding up to it, we demanded hospitality, and got it, in the shape of tea, bacon, bread, and the softest planks on the rickety floor for beds. When morning dawned we had heads and limbs enough—and more, they ached so! We found our whereabouts. That unconscionable horse had posted to his woodland pasture, and dumped us—eight miles from home.

R. WHEATLEY.

Editorial Paragraphs.

Our readers, we have reason to know, were much surprised as well as impressed with the extracts which we published from the remarkable prophetic letter of Bishop Capers, purporting to have been written, in 1854, to a young man of Clinton, S. C., one C. B. Du Pre, just entering upon public life. To certain questions, which he propounded to the venerable Bishop this response, very singular as coming from such a source, but far-seeing and strangely true to the actual history of events occurring less than ten years afterwards, was returned. In it he declares that the institution of slavery was the chief if not the sole obstacle to a reunion of the Methodist Churches, North and South, that slavery was inevitably doomed, and would be extinguished either by gradual emancipation or by a civil war which would ruin the South. He deplores the increasing and uncompromising spirit of the South, expresses his open contempt for the idea of two different antagonistic social and political civilizations, represented by the Cavalier and the Puritan, and inculcates the wisest and most wholesome and patriotic political doctrines for the preservation of peace and the perpetuity of the government.

This letter, in its day, came into the hand of Dr. C. F. Deems, who transferred it to the editor of *The Methodistist*, for publication in his columns. And now the fine reflections and columns of moralizing which have appeared in various papers North and South, are placed at a sad discount by a very calm and well-reasoned leader in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, throwing doubt upon the authenticity of the letter itself. The writer does not question the sincere convictions of Dr. D., that it really came from the Bishop's hand, but thinks he has been imposed upon by a particularly brilliant but unprincipled wag. He doubts the genuineness of the letter, because the sentiments are entirely at variance with the prevalent opinions of the times at the South, and contrary to those universally supposed to have been held by Bishop Capers himself. There was nothing in his autobiography to give countenance to such opinions. It seems strange, in the editor's opinion, that he should have withheld these views from his episcopal colleagues, and from his most intimate and dearest friends, and yet suggest them so freely to a young man, at an hour when the public mind was so peculiarly sensitive upon this subject. It was even more strange that a young man, made the confidant of such remarkable sentiments, from such a high source, should never have revealed the fact, but have laid the letter away, and forgotten it, until it is discovered in a heap of neglected papers. Another reason, based upon a slight anachronism apparent in the neglected, does not seem of any great moment. But an incidental fact certainly adds to the suspicious appearance of this wonderful letter. A postcard from Dr. Deems, and a large paragraph of *Methodists* are now lying uncalled for in the Post-office at Clinton, S. C. The oldest member of the vicinity has a recollection of ever hearing of a person by the name of C. B. Du Pre, as a resident in the place or country. This fact certainly tends to throw serious doubt upon the affair, and we shall await further developments with much interest.

If we understand the *Methodist*, in its editorial of October 2d, upon "plans for the union of Colored Churches," it broaches, quite indeed, and in some what tentative manner, a proposition which we have supposed would ultimately be pronounced as a compromise to secure "fraternity" with the Church South, which is, that "we hand over our colored people to Bishops and Conferences of their own color"—i. e., at the South we suppose we are to divide our colored members to leave the Church of the North, and to unite with the Zion's Church and the colored Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been already in some such peremptory way set off from the Methodist Episcopal Church South. This plan, which at once draws distinctly and perpetually the color line, would, without doubt, as the *Methodist* suggests, relieve the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church from "recognition more or less hostile." It would be a "real act of fraternity to recognize their Colored Church," and to go on contributing (through this united colored body) to upbuilding that branch of Methodist evangelization. But what if these Methodist members do not wish to leave a Church in which they have just acquired the right to remain as the editor of the paper that so generously offers them in a body to another communion? What if these dark hued but intelligent and devoted Methodists see that their hold upon Northern brethren, the support of their schools, the education of their ministers, the building of their churches, the planning of their evangelic work, depend as average human nature now exists, upon their holding organic and vital relations with them? What if these brethren do not see, as clearly as the *Methodist*, "the pleasant relations between the Church South and its foster child, the Colored Church," and can draw no very encouraging hopes from such promises of sympathy and pecuniary aid from this Church, if this plan is adopted, the very thing which the "Whatever may be" perfectly well understood by all our Church Boards and Conferences who have to do with both races, as to the necessity of keeping up, as the *Methodist* says it is now done "covertly," color lines, no proposition would give our Northern Methodists a greater shock, or awaken a more pronounced opposition than any serious attempt to carry out what seems to be the proposition of that paper, or to yield the great and important work at the South, which God has so providentially thrust upon us. There is no mission of the Methodist Church that yields a richer or earlier return than our Southern work among the freedmen.

We see nothing to change our often uttered opinion that a Christian fraternity between the "two Methodisms" of the North will not be likely to be hastened by newspaper discussions, but may be more wisely left to the developments of Providence, and to the exercise of practical Christian courtesy, wherever the opportunity offers. The impassioned and unceasing utterances of the *Methodist* in this direction, while appreciated by a few border newspaper editors, awaken no warm responses at the South, but rather occasion sharp and bitter discussions all along the line. The *New Orleans Christian Advocate*, of Sept. 16, has a sneering editorial contribution, ridiculing the whole "fraternity company." The writer is particularly sarcastic in his criticisms upon the fractional paper of Dr. Clark of Savannah, which was published in our Northern papers. He affirms that the number of gentlemen at the South sympathizing with such views "is so small that they may be counted on one's fingers," and that, "although they represent not three per cent of our membership or ministry, yet they make a great noise, and assume to represent a vast majority." The writer proceeds to say, that "at home their words are read with feelings of mingled indignation and shame,

while doubters, at the North, with very great and unimpaired pleasure." The body of the article is devoted to a laborious argument to show that the friends of "fraternity" at the North and South, and at nothing but the swallowing up and blotting out of existence of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Now, to deny all this, and to affirm the sincerest and most Christian intentions, will give us a prior impression of the Southern men. Time, and the providence and grace of God alone can effectually remove these unfounded prejudices and suspicions. Let us have peace.

Worcester has opened an admirable institution in the interests of reform, at 16 Pearl Street in that city. The Christian Temperance League has issued a charming tract, which bears the inviting name of "The Friendly Inn." It is intended to proffer a temporary home to the subjects of Christian effort gathered from the streets, to afford a temperance head-quarters, a cheerful reading room, and daily meals at the most reasonable prices for those whose circumstances require such an opportunity. This excellent Christian home, generously supported, was opened with appropriate religious services on Tuesday evening, Sept. 25. Many souls were snatched from the burning, and started in the right way through the new instrumentality.

Rev. G. F. Mosher, who has heretofore been Assistant Editor of the *Morning Star*, has been elected to fill the chair made vacant by the lamented decease of the cultivated and respected Dr. Day. The new editor has a difficult position to fill, following so successful an occupant; but he has already fully justified the wisdom of the selection. He wields a sprightly pen, and is a candid and courteous defender of Orthodox Christianity, with a generous appreciation of the honest convictions of those who differ with him in opinion. We prefer to him our best wishes and fraternal regards.

The truly venerable Mrs. S. B. Thomas, who, in her 86th year, writes the vigorous and interesting poem on our first page, was a teacher at Wilbraham during Dr. Fisk's administration. In a private note she says: "My Brother, Rev. C. Brewer, Wilbraham, Mass., is, we believe, the only one now living in the Methodist Church of New England who has a personal recollection of this sainted man. In his boyhood he made such an impression, that he gives a description, in the most glowing terms. He now says he thought him to be the most beautiful person he ever saw. His dress was in harmony with his character—the old-fashioned Methodist preacher's costume, yet in elegant simplicity, adapted to his dignity and grace of manners."

The Temperance Alliance makes this good report for the year:—The Secretary has addressed 63 Sabbath congregations, 63 Sabbath-schools, 39 union Sabbath evening temperance meetings, and 47 meetings on secular days—total, 216. Dr. J. W. Jones, dressed 36 union Sabbath evening meetings, and 148 assemblies on secular days—total, 184. "Thomas Whitaker" of England, delivered 41 addresses, Rev. E. Thompson 43, John F. Coles 26, Rev. Geo. H. Vibbert 22, Rev. C. M. Winchester 13, Rev. C. Y. Swan 11, and Dr. A. Miner, Hon. R. C. Pitman, Dr. L. D. Barrows, Rev. J. T. Beckley, W. F. Spang, esp., Rev. L. Stone, and others, from one to five addresses each—making an aggregate of 892 addresses for the year. Of tracts, 1,620,000 pages were distributed, 5,672 pupils adopted the pledge, and 40 district temperance conventions held.

Dr. Porteous, the young Broad Church Episcopal minister, late from England, who has been laboring outside of his own communion in the vicinity of New York, has met with a most appalling termination to his career. He preached a sermon, two weeks since, at the Theodore Parker Fraternity, in which he exhibited a breadth of liberality that quite satisfied his free thinking audience, and it was arranged that he should preach again on last Sabbath. But on Wednesday evening, the 29th, in a fishing boat with two or three men, some of whom were intoxicated, just off Sea Cliff, where he was staying with his family, he was thrown into the water, and drowned before aid could reach him. There are mysterious and painful circumstances attending his death. Some have supposed he was a victim of jealous malice in the boat, but the facts hardly justify this. There is no doubt that the free use of stimulants occasioned the accident which was attended with this sad result. One more unfortunate!

Rev. George Whitaker, Presiding Elder of Springfield District, announces by telegraph the death by typhoid fever of the wife of Rev. Isaac H. Packard, stationed in Northampton. Her funeral took place on Monday.

Rev. Mr. Wynn, of the Savannah Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church (South) is visiting the city in the interests of this edifice. He made a very fraternal and persuasive speech in the Preachers' Meeting, which was well received in itself, but was followed by a long discussion. The meeting finally, by resolution, endorsed Brother Wynn, and his enterprise.

Dr. Mallanin and Rev. J. G. Bidwell presented themselves in excellent health and spirits to their warmly welcoming friends at the Monday's meeting.

The greatly respected editor of the *Methodist Quarterly*, Dr. D. D. Wheeler, was introduced to the Preachers' Meeting, and made a peculiarly happy short speech. He heartily commended the monumental peace-offering, sought by Rev. Mr. Wynn, to the kind consideration of the brethren.

The friends of Miss Campbell, who felt a little anxious about her starting on so long a journey alone, will be glad to hear that she and Miss Jernan were joined at Chicago by a party of Baptist missionaries bound for Japan and China. By the latter she will be accompanied as far as Shanghai.

Editorial Items.

We hope none of our preachers will fail to push the canvass for Zion's HERALD. No season of the year is more favorable than the present. Don't fail to make our offer known to your people. Thousands of Methodist people who do not take the paper would do so if they were made familiar with the liberal offer of fifteen months for one subscription.

Tracts setting forth Froebel's Kindergarten system of instruction for young pupils, with illustrated catalogues of the toys and "gifts" which are used in the amusement and instruction of the children in their schools, can be obtained by addressing E. Steiger, Book-seller, 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, New York. Next to visiting one of these delightful child gardens, a pretty good idea of them, and

of their admirable adaptation to the development of the opening mind and immature body, can be obtained from these well written tracts. The same publisher issues, in a cheap form, Scheller's valuable "Manual for the Use of Globes."

We shall publish in our next paper the circular just issued by Commissioner Everett Saltonstall, and his associates, Messrs. Hamilton A. Hill and Joe. V. Miles, in reference to the coming Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, of the progress of the arts, sciences and industries of our country during its first hundred years. The office of the Commission is at 25 Pemberton Square, where its members are at all times ready to answer such questions as exhibitors may wish to propound, and to co-operate with them in forwarding their goods, and arranging them in favorable positions.

Mr. J. N. Stearns, the Publishing Agent of the National Temperance Society, N. Y., has prepared a valuable and convenient tract, entitled, "Prohibition Does Prohibit, or Prohibition Not A Failure." It gives full and reliable testimony from a hundred different authorities, as to the workings and success of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. It contains the testimony of ten Governors, several United States Senators, Representatives in Congress, Clergymen, Attorney-Generals, Judges of Supreme Courts, District Attorneys, State Constables, Secretaries of State, Mayors, Editors, Chaplains, Chiefs of Police, Internal Revenue, Prison and Poor House Statistics, all being emphatic and conclusive testimony that "prohibition does prohibit."

Those who are interested in music, whether as students, teachers, or patrons, will be gratified by an article in *Zion's Monthly* for October, entitled "The Mission of Music." After a review of the history of the art, and a statement of the requirements to be fulfilled by a Conservatory of Music, the writer concludes with a sketch of an institution of which every American may be proud—the New England Conservatory, which, under the direction of Dr. E. T. Ourie, is the fruit of the fulfillment of these requirements, and the school of music will find it valuable, and well repaying a careful reading.

Part third and fourth of "A Century After: Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania," have issued from the press of Allen, Lane and Scott, Philadelphia. It is a beautiful work; the successive issues sustaining the high standard of mechanical excellence which was noticed in the first. It is to be completed in fifteen numbers at fifty cents, and will be the fullest and most beautiful handbook for visitors at the Centennial Exhibition.

Rev. S. Cushing writes: "It may be a satisfaction to many friends who read your paper to know that, after nearly five weeks of severe suffering from neuralgia in my right knee and hip, I am slowly recovering, though not yet able to walk a step without a crutch and cane."

We are pleased to learn that Lasell Seminary is crowded to its utmost capacity, and the question of further accommodations is being considered. No one familiar with its present administration ought to wonder at this. Its cultivated principal, Mr. Bragdon, both in his enthusiasm and his educational labors, and by his constant presence and labors in and for the school, deserves and secures this abundant and inspiring patronage. Parents may be assured that their girls are well cared for and well trained at this Seminary.

The commencement of the new quarter brings to our table the handsome and substantial bound volume of *Littell's Living Age*. The present is the eleventh volume of the series, and the one hundred and twenty-sixth from the commencement of its publication. It is the fittest that survives, and this admirable selection from the higher periodical literature of Europe has always enjoyed the public favor which it has merited. It is published by Littell and Gay, Bromfield Street.

About the best temperance manual for ministers and lecturers, that we have seen, is the volume just issued by the National Temperance Society, from the pen of Dr. William Hargreaves. It is entitled "Our Wasted Resources; The Missing Link in the Temperance Reform." With great painstaking the author has obtained, and verified from official and authentic sources, statistics and facts covering every aspect of the temperance question. He has arranged the whole in a clear and admirable form, and proffers to a thoughtful and rational community one of the most impressive and convincing arguments for the public restraint of the sale of alcoholic drinks that we have seen. It should be widely circulated and its pages carefully pondered. We shall refer to it hereafter. It is for sale by J. P. Magee.

Rev. T. J. Abbott, on his way to his Southern field, writes: "Please say that the proposition to send some books South is taken well, and all are requested to bring them to Bro. Magee's on or before the middle of October. All ought to be sent at once, not in dribbles. We shall this P. M. on the Georgia. Pray for us."

Central N. York Conference Delegates:—A. C. George, E. O. Haven, D. W. C. Huntington, L. C. Leach, H. L. Jones and J. E. Brown, E. J. Hermans, W. Reddy. The delegates are David Decker of Elmira, and Prof. J. E. French of Syracuse. Reserves, T. W. Durston of Syracuse, and Lucius Wilcox of Canandaigua.

We copy the following from the *Sioux City Daily*:—"Married, at the Sioux City Hotel, in Sioux City, Iowa, September 17th, 1875, by Rev. J. D. Downing, September 30th, 25, assisted by Rev. S. Hartshorn, and Rev. A. Potter of Sioux City, Rev. G. M. Curi, of Grand Fork, D. T., to Miss H. A. Whipple, of North Charleston, N. H."

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Yarmouth Camp Meeting.—This Camp-meeting has come to be one of the well-known institutions of Massachusetts. This year the multitude was greater than ever before, a larger audience greeted the preacher at the first service, more people lingered to catch the dying echo of the last sermon, than at any time in her history; and with but few exceptions the family tents and cottages were all occupied, several new ones appeared, and at least one new Society lent. Everywhere were seen the evidences of revival interest and enlarged prosperity, while the preaching was just as earnest and pointed, the songs and prayers just as sweet and fervent, the Master just as sensibly present, as when the fathers battled and triumphed before the younger altar. There is little doubt here for mere effect, but much real work for souls, and of little cost and sentiment. It was a week of hard labor at the stand and in the tents, while the woods about the encampment often resounded with the shouts of praise, or solemnly echoed the pleading prayer of burdened souls. The police arrangements were all that could be desired. On the Sabbath the immense crowds that

thronged the grounds—probably 15,000—were as well-behaved as such godless crowds of licensed Sabbath-breakers are wont to be.

At no other meeting in New England is there so near an approach to the ideal of camp-meeting singing as here. The grand old songs of the Church were almost exclusively used, the trashy choruses and silly ditties, made to sell during camp-meeting sessions, being discarded by the sensible conductor; neither were sinners invited to the altar to the blaring notes of a French horn. These things seemed to give to the singing a solidity and an inspiring power that stirred the whole nature and lifted it up to God. Men ought to preach after such singing. All praise to Bro. Weston, of Provincetown, and his coadjutors, who have made this indispensable requisite of a good camp-meeting so singularly effective.

The preaching this year, with one or two exceptions, was above the average of such efforts. The sermons of Bishop Wiley, Bro. R. B. Meredith and E. McChesney will long be remembered by the large audiences whom they thrilled and blessed. These were preeminently the sermons of the week. The Presiding Elder, Bro. J. Mathers, opened the battle Tuesday evening with one of his characteristically practical, wise and eloquent sermons, upon "the power from on high, what it is, how to get and keep it." It is enough to say that his earnest, manly words gave tone and direction to the entire meeting. The customary love-feast, that glorious, old-time institution, presided over by Dr. F. Upham, the keen edge of whose wit and wisdom age has neither blunted nor dimmed, and participated in by 209 willing witnesses, was an hour of exceptional sweetness and fervor, the most impressive scene of the week.

Although offering a remarkable pleasant and healthful retreat for a week, or even a month of rest, Yarmouth camp-meeting has never become a popular summer resort. It has neither sea-beach nor mineral spring within get-atable distance, offers no special inducements to mere pleasure seekers, and must ever remain what its founders intended it to be, a real old-fashioned Methodist grove meeting. And if the Association stand manfully by the resolution passed at their last meeting, to keep Monday and Tuesday close Friday evening of the same week, unless the railroad company will remove the Sunday trains, thus taking the initiative in this important matter, and setting themselves squarely against the terrible tide of modern recklessness in regard to Sabbath desecration, they will accomplish a work for God and pure religion tenfold greater than they have been able to render their meeting more than once conspicuous as a place "where His honor dwelleth."

W. L. PHILLIPS.

Lynn.—Brothers Inskip and McDonald will begin a series of meetings in St. Paul's Church, Lynn, on Monday evening, Oct. 10. The weekly meetings will be at 10 o'clock, A. M., and at 7 and 9 P. M. The series will close on Sunday evening, Oct. 17. D. S.

Rev. E. Davies, evangelist, has had to remain at home, since closing up his camp-meeting campaign, to recruit his energies. He is impelled to be more prudent in the use of his strength, especially that of body. He has already four engagements, one in Massachusetts, one in Maine, one in Connecticut, and one in New Hampshire.

A public meeting of the Women's Foreign Mission Society, will be held at the Walnut Street Church, Chelsea, on Thursday, Oct. 7th, afternoon and evening. Services will commence at 3 P. M. and 7-12 in the evening. A collation will be served in the vestry at 6 o'clock. Entertainment will be furnished for those who wish to remain over night. Speakers expected from abroad. All are cordially invited.

M. H. LINDSAY, Sec'y.

MAINE.

The Freeport Methodist Episcopal Church Vestry was dedicated on the 14th ult. A very appropriate and interesting sermon was preached by the Presiding Elder, Rev. E. Martin. Some time before the exercises commenced the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and many obliged to remain outside. Quite a number of the preachers from neighboring Churches were present, and participated in the exercises; but before we proceeded to dedicate the house stirring remarks were made by Rev. A. S. Ladd, of Bath, followed by Rev. George Crawford, of Brunswick, and subscriptions were called for. The result was, our Church debt was sunk to about \$1,000. The people have done nobly. In their poverty they have given much, and now they are rejoicing and praising God for a neat and comfortable place to worship. Many thanks are due, and most cheerfully given to those noble brethren who have so liberally donated to our Church enterprise. Brethren Ammi Loring of North Yarmouth has given \$250, Rev. George Crawford \$225, R. B. Dunn of Waterville \$100, Sister Lillian Walker \$25, and many others have given from \$1 to \$25. We trust other friends will come to our aid. Much credit is due Brother George Brewer, an honored member of this Society, for his untiring energy and faithfulness as architect of our Church edifice. May the Lord bless all those brethren and friends who have had a hand to work; and I doubt not that the Lord will "send prosperity."

N. D. CENTER.

Freeport, Oct. 1, 1875. We are desired by Rev. D. Waterhouse to make the following correction: In the obituary notice of Denning, read Downing; and instead of the "widow of Dr. Webster," read former wife; also that in the Maine Conference Minutes the Mechanic Falls Preachers' Aid collection was \$19, instead of \$9.

Reims.—Rev. W. S. Stockbridge of Lewiston, is Principal of the Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

The new town hall in Waterville, to be finished in about a month, is a fine structure, and will seat 1,500 persons. A Reform Club was organized there last Monday evening, Rev. W. S. Jones president, Rev. C. D. Crane secretary, and F. F. Howland treasurer. The Club numbers over 100. The religious interest in the Churches is good.

Rev. J. W. Ferry is supplying our Church at North Augusta.

Rev. Father Bates of Auburn, is in very feeble health.

Rev. Lauriston Reynolds, a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, was ordained an evangelist in Auburn, September 16th.

The District Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Bath, September 18th and 19th, was largely attended and very spirited. Six Associations were represented highly prosperous.

A Woman's Reform Club has been organized at Kendall's Mills, Fairfield, to aid the temperance reform. Mrs. Kent Mason is lecturing in that vicinity with marked success.

The first post-office in Oxford County was opened in Waterford; the first high sheriff of the County was a son of Mr. Waterford;

and Waterford was the birth place of the late Charles F. Brown, familiarly known as "Artemus Ward." Waterford also furnished a large number of soldiers for the country's service during the late rebellion, thirty-one of whom sleep in soldiers' graves. A fine poem for the occasion of the late Centennial was furnished by H. P. Warren, esq. The closing toast was, "our next Centennial, may we all pass it in heaven."

A union love-feast was held at Congress Street, Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland, last Sabbath A. M. The pastors of the three Churches were present.

Revival services of unusual power are being held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Saco. Rev. A. W. Pottle, pastor, is assisted by Sister Clark of Newark, N. J. Rev. Dr. Manning preached two able sermons at High Street Congregational Church on a recent Sabbath.

Five were baptized at the Methodist Episcopal Church at Buxton, last Sabbath, by Rev. J. M. Woodbury. H. P. Warren, esq. still prospers under the labors of Rev. G. C. Andrews.

The camp-meeting at Shapleigh closed on Sabbath evening last. The preaching throughout was direct and earnest. Rev. J. Lord preached four vigorous and efficient sermons. Rev. J. M. Woodbury, J. A. Strout, Geo. Holt, Mr. Packard (Free Baptist) and the Presiding Elder were the only preachers who participated in the meeting; but what was lacking in numbers was made up in earnestness and devotion. Despite the severe cold weather, the spiritual thermometer rose several degrees during the meeting, and some were converted.

Fifty boys from the Reform School visited the State Fair on Thursday last.

The Congress Street Methodist Episcopal Church has met with a great loss in the death of Brother Adams Merrill, long a leading and influential member.

A general religious awakening has visited Saccarappa. Our Church, Rev. D. B. Randall, is sharing largely in the present work. Mrs. Annie Clark, of New York, is laboring with great power among the people, and by her exhortations and her songs she wins for Christ.

Our Church at Saco is still enjoying revival. Brother Pottle is laboring with faith and success. This revival means a new work for God and pure religion tenfold greater than they have been able to render their meeting more than once conspicuous as a place "where His honor dwelleth."

Rev. S. F. Strout, of Elliott, reports his congregations large, a good religious interest pervading the community, and several having risen for prayer.

The new Church enterprise at Pine Street is being pushed with their accustomed energy. They will occupy the vestry by Nov. 1st.

Colais.—Rev. C. L. Haskell has been transferred to the Wisconsin Conference, and will be missed in East Maine. His faithful, zealous labors in Colais have been abundantly successful, a revival spirit having been with the Church during most of his pastorate, and many added to the Church.

On his last Sabbath with us he received four into full connection, and a number have lately been received on probation. He carries good credentials, and the earnest prayers and wishes of his numerous friends for the blessing of Heaven upon him and his.

Vassalboro'.—There is quite an interesting revival among the young people at Gitchell's Corner. Several have recently been converted, and every evening seekers are at the altar, and the tide rising.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—There was a little supplement to Dr. Brown's "Harvest Dinner," of which the HERALD did not take note—the presentation by the invited guests of one of Rogers' group, "The Pastoral Scholar." It is to be regretted that the occurrence of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Doctor and Mrs. Brown's wedding was so much a secret, as their many friends in the Churches would have been glad to remember them with substantial tokens of their regard.

We are glad to know that Miss Willard will return to the section in the early winter, to resume her labors in behalf of temperance, and also to favor several lecture courses with her services. She will have full houses in Providence, where she has already become a favorite.

The brethren are preparing for a vigorous campaign this season. There seems a conviction that the coming winter is to be a harvest time with the Churches. As assuredly the work goes steadily forward, under the leadership of Bro. Anderson. Bro. Willard, of the First Church, Pawtucket, has already begun special services under very encouraging omens, and Bro. Church, assisted by Bro. L. B. Bates of Boston, whom we still claim as ours, will hold a series of meetings early in October at Hope Street.

The eighth annual meeting of the Rhode Island Temperance Union is to be held on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, in this city.

The Conference Board of Church Extension recommend that Western receive the appropriation made to the Conference the present year. Strong appeals were made for much-needed help in Greene and Jewett City, where it is richly deserved by the noble men and women who are struggling for homes of worship. But, in view of the long deferred claims of Western, it was judged best to put it into a position where it would hereafter be self-supporting. Few Churches in New England have a more hopeful future than this one.

Bro. Gowan, not content with fencing and grading the grounds around the Attleboro' church, is disposed to engage in building a chapel at Lane's Station, a part of his Charge, where Western Seminary is located, and our Church is wise in seeking a permanent field of occupation here.

Recently Rev. J. E. Kley has been engaged in procuring a chapel for the Methodists at Barrington. He has finished the outside of the very neat and attractive building, and is now raising funds for its completion. May the zeal and self-denial of this minister provoke to good works his younger brethren.

The Church is prospering under the labors of Bro. Hunt at Glendale, and quite a number are seeking salvation.

The Committee on Necessitous Cases have elected Rev. James D. Butler of New Bedford, both their secretary and treasurer.

Rev. B. L. Sayer having declined the former, and E. C. Curry, esq., the latter position, it is said that applications for aid come in much more frequently than letters with money. It is hoped the tide will turn, and that Bro. Butler will immediately have funds to dispense to the worthy and needy men who never ask aid till their necessities compel them.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Kingston.—Four were baptized here on Sabbath, Sept. 19th, by Rev. J. Cairns.

Gleanings.—Mr. E. H. Thompson, for years conductor of the singing at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Lebanon, and his wife, celebrated their wedding, Sept. 14th. A large company gathered, and presents of great number and variety were left, some of much value. Mr. and Mrs. T. have a very large circle of friends, both in and out of the Church to which they belong, and in and out of the village where they reside, who were glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to testify their esteem.

The 6th annual meeting of the Congregational Association was lately held at Chatham. The Secretary says "every part of the State has been visited by the outpouring of the Spirit of God. It is safe to say that the whole membership in the 190 or more Churches must now number nearly 20,000."

At the late annual Y. M. C. A. Convention in Nashua, \$2,252.45 were pledged for their work the coming year.

Rev. H. W. L. Thurston was ordained Sept. 26th, pastor of the Congregational Church of Goshen.

Rev. H. G. Safford has resigned the pastorate of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church, Concord; and Rev. Robert B. Hall, Congregationalist, leaves Wolfboro' Nov. 1st.

At Hindsdale the Methodists have added a tasteful spire to their church, and the Universalists have been presented a new set of pulpits.

Delegates from Y. M. C. A. have held successful meetings at Meriden. A goodly number have been converted, some of whom are students of the Academy.

The cornerstone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church of Dover was laid Oct. 1st. Address by Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D.

In a course of popular lectures in Wesley Church, Haverhill, the first, Sept. 29th, by Rev. O. W. Scott, of Dover, was upon "new departures."

St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Hanover, was dedicated recently by Bishop Niles. The neat church was crowded.

Rev. Dr. Wallace accepts an invitation as missionary in Manchester, entering on his duties at once.

Rev. H. L. Kelsey is serving in Hollis, both as pastor and principal of the High School. Mrs. H. is just recovering from a dangerous illness.

Rev. W. H. Ayers, through dissensions in his Church, has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Lebanon.

The Baptist church at Hanover Mill Village has lately undergone considerable repairs.

Rev. J. N. Jones, of Enfield, is to be pastor of the Congregational Church at Centreville, Mass.

Rev. Silvanus Haywood is to preach a year for the Congregationalists of Gileum.

Rev. L. White of Pembroke, Congregationalist, is to be pastor in Deerfield.

Rev. Alfred S. Stowell was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in Salem, Sept. 9th.

Eleven united with the Baptist Church in Chester, Sept. 5th.

VERMONT.

Rev. J. L. Hansford writes from Barre: "I preached Sept. 10th at Montpelier, it being the second time since four years ago last March. My first effort was at Barre, Aug. 29th. I am happy to say that I sustained both efforts without any apparent injury to myself. It is impossible for me to express the joy I feel in the prospect of again being permitted to engage in the active work of the ministry, my life-long and much-loved work. The Lord be praised forever for this prospect, and for His sustaining grace in my long prostration."

A brother from West Bradford writes that their Quarterly Meeting was a time of great refreshing, and that the Presiding Elder, Bro. Beaman, preached two good, old-style Methodist sermons, full of fire and the Holy Ghost; and all the people said "amen!"

Rev. H. P. Cushing is giving occasional and able lectures on temperance. Springfield gave him a good house recently.

Woodstock is now connected with the outer world by railroad, but proposes no demonstration over it. H. H. Warren holds his Church relations with Watfield. It ought to have a thriving Church among its able and intelligent population. Watfield enjoys the labors of Rev. J. A. Sherburn, who is always more beloved the better he is known.

At Moretown, the next town north, our Church has undisturbed sway; and Rev. D. W. White, the fortunate pastor, enjoying his third term, after having been twice their pastor, his last appointment after only a three years' absence.

Twelve more have been baptized at Grotton by Bro. Hamilton, ten of them promising young men.

A Methodist Episcopal Church has just been organized at Island Pond, by Rev. E. S. Leach, seven being received by letter and eleven on probation, and four baptized; and a hopeful promise of "abundance of rain" is cheering the new enterprise.

The good work continues at West Burke. Bro. Leavitt baptized 34 recently, making 43 since Conference.

At East Burke, too, Brother Brigham rejoices in continued prosperity. Ten heads of families are among those who have recently started there.

Peasach Charge is getting back to its old time position. The Sunday-school numbers 116. Two were baptized last Sunday by Bro. Wallace, and things generally are looking up.

Among the "personals" in the *Haverhill*, a Burlington (Iowa) paper, we find a very pleasant reference to Rev. J. C. W. Cox, rejoicing in his reappearance to Division Street Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. We greatly rejoice in the deserved success of our old friend.

Rev. N. W. Wilder has received over 30 into the Church at Swanton since Conference, many of them from probation. The general interests of the Charge are well sustained.

At Cambridge, Rev. A. Scribner pastor, the religious interest is increasing. Five have been received on probation, and ten into full membership since Conference.

Georgia and North Fairfax is under the official pastoral care of Rev. W. B. Howard, who received two persons into the Church at the last Quarterly Meeting.

At Worcester a thorough revival seems to have commenced, several backslidden ones reclaimed, and quite a number of new cases of conversion. The devoted pastor, Rev. G. L. Wells, has baptized 7 recently, and is constantly receiving probationers. May God bless this work!

The Original Tennesseeans have just passed through Vermont, en route for Canada, singing at Brattleford, Montpelier, Waterbury, Burlington and St. Albans, everywhere giving universal satisfaction.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.
Sunday, October 17.
Lesson III. John, xiv, 1-7.
MANY MANSIONS.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

Leader. 1 Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.
School. 2 In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

L. 3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

S. 4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

L. 5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?

S. 6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.

L. 7 If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him.

Introduction. It is still Thursday evening. The paschal supper had been eaten, and either during the progress of this meal, or immediately after it (it is impossible to know exactly) Jesus had instituted His own Supper, that sacramental feast which was to carry on by its commemorative symbols into the Church of the future, throughout all ages, both the spiritual meaning of the old paschal supper, and also the root-thing of Him in whom all Levitical rites and symbols found their meaning and end. And Judas "went immediately out; and it was night." This is one of the finest poetic touches that the pen of the gifted John ever made, and lets us feel the "palpable darkness" which gathered over the retreating footsteps of the traitor. His purpose, his act, his time were all black as Erebus. "It was night" also in the hearts of the eleven. Then Jesus tells His "little children," as He tenderly calls them, of His separation from them, soon to take place; and the merciful Peter was roused, by the paths of Christ's words, to make the faithful avowal of his willingness to follow His Lord to the death. But Jesus checks his hasty protestation with the prophecy of the triple death, which was faithfully fulfilled by the faithful Apostle, before that a verbal map, of the region to which He goes, and the route by which He attains it (Whedon).

I am the way—"I am the good Shepherd"—a guide. Moses was the first great leader and lawgiver; Christ, his antitype, leads and controls the progress of His kingdom. "I am the Door," the entrance-way into life. Here the egotism of Jesus, as Roman calls it, appears, which is rather the personification and vitalizing of a sublime truth. Steps to heaven are not always made most surely through church-aisles, or along pious pilgrimages to the shrines of noble dead, or by "processional hymns," but by the reverent affections which aspire most directly to the person and heart of Christ.

And here we have discovered that the disciples knew the way because they knew Him who is the way (Augustine). He is not merely the forerunner, but the way in which and on which we must go, having an inner union with and in Him (DeWette).

The truth. Pilate's question, "what is truth?" often puzzles us. Truth is deep, and we cannot fathom it; it is many-sided, and we often see only one side. The Bible is full of truth, but it is not all understood; and yet upon its most luminous page is written this sentence, in clear light, "I am the Truth"—great enough for a Newton, and simple enough for a child.

Christ is the Truth in whom only (Col. ii, 3) that knowledge of God is gained which (xvii, 3) is eternal life (Alford). The root of all knowledge is to know Me; and he that knows Me knows enough to take him safe to heaven, though he may not know many things, and may be troubled at his own ignorance (Ryle).

The life—God's life, "I am in my Father" (verse 20); the believer's life, "your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii, 3); the life in this world, "the life that I now live in the flesh," etc. (Gal. ii, 20); the life eternal, "I am the living bread; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever" (vi, 51). His is the fountain-life. It does not absorb, but quickens.

No man cometh, etc. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." Christ alone is "gate" and "way." If it is dogmatism to preach that the only salvation for men is by Jesus Christ, it is nevertheless the doctrine of the Mediator Himself, taught by His own lips. Many heathen will no doubt be saved, but only by some truth whose vital source is Christ.

If ye had known Me, etc. The only true knowledge of God comes by knowledge of His Son. A true theology rests upon a true Christology.

Henceforth, etc.—dating from the events about to take place. By the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension of Jesus, and afterwards by the illumination of Pentecost, the divinity of Christ was to become a more real article in Apostolic belief, so that the Apostle who wrote to the Hebrews says, at the beginning of his letter, "Jesus is the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person."

What circumstance made this discourse of Jesus peculiarly impressive?

2 Are our beliefs in God and in Christ to be essentially distinct?

3 Is it possible to have an untroubled heart without the hope of immortality?

I go to prepare, etc. How this sentence binds the glorified Saviour to the

heart of His struggling Church upon earth! He is gone; but in some way He is making ready for those who are preparing to meet Him. See Num. x, 33; Heb. vi, 20, and vii, 25.

The place itself is already prepared, but for you it has yet to be prepared. The one preparation is absolute, the other relative (Bengel). He bears the names of His disciples mystically, as the high priest, on His breast, and introduces them to the court of Heaven before they get there (Ryle). "Behold, I have given thee upon the palms of My hands" (Isa. xlii, 16).

"Before the throne My Surety stands; My name is written on His hands."

I will come again—not to be limited to any distinctive coming, as in the resurrection, pentecost, final judgment, or death of His saints. In what is called the "perspective of prophecy," this coming again means "the great complex of all these, the result of which shall be His taking His people to Himself, to be where He is" (Alford).

That where I am, etc. To be with Christ is heaven. The state of the soul is far more important than its "local habitation." Doubtless heaven is somewhere in God's universe, but the essence of its joy is fellowship of the redeemed with their Redeemer.

Whither I go, ye know, etc. If you will think of the lessons which I have taught you, you will know my goal, and also the way thither. Jesus throws them back upon their three years' training. They know enough; it is now their part to trust in and act upon their knowledge. He had often, in those last weeks, spoken of the way by which He was to be glorified. See Matt. xvi, 21; Luke ix, 22; xvi, 31, 32.

Thomas—of the acute, reasoning, doubting disciple, who believes demonstrations, and lets faith wait upon rational proofs. He sees truth through intellectual processes rather than by intuitive vision. Jesus never scorned the hesitations of this skeptical follower.

Far less should the modern preacher of truth treat contemptuously the Thomases of science and philosophy; but he may always claim to them the appeal of Christ, "ye know!" and endeavor to lead them up from intellectual knowledge to religious faith.

We know not, etc.—a correct deduction from an incorrect premise. The reasoning was faultless, but the statement was not true.

Thomas puts an experimental question, exaggerating his own ignorance, and hopes that our Lord will give a full description, at least a verbal map, of the region to which He goes, and the route by which He attains it (Whedon).

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4 What ideal of heaven do the terms "Father," "house," and "mansions" give us?

5 What is the intercessory work of Christ?

6 What is to be learned from Jesus in regard to our treatment of skeptics?

7 Is the way to heaven limited?

8 What parts of the Bible give us the fullest conception of God?

The Family.

TRUST.

BY MRS. W. H. A. SIMMONS.

We never may in green pastures feed, Or by the waters still Lie down to rest; yet Thou wilt lead Our steps, O'er vale and hill; And though oft from Thy side we roam, Thou'lt lead us safely to our home.

Though dangers thick may through our way; While circling round our head We hear the hungry birds of prey Which long on souls have fed, And though we know we are but dust, Still in Thy strength we'll safely trust.

O'er burning sands, through deserts drear, Or mountain wilds we go; Through depths of anguish, pain, and tears Our stricken hearts we move, And though friends prove false, and foes may hate, Yet in Thy love we'll patiently wait.

Not all the martyrs of our God Have passed from earth away, For many now are in life's road, Who longer here must stay, The heavy cross still to bear, Ere they the martyr's crown may wear.

Though all through fire and angry flood Have not been called to pass, Or over burning iron rods, And then have died, yet God, Victors of Truth, with the song Of triumph on their lips, went home.

My God, how many live to-day, Who often 'neath the rod Have bowed, and all their lonely way Have not been called to God, To whom they look for love and joy When every earthly friend is dry.

Who, bowing under sorrow's hand, With sad, yet patient heart, Are hastening onward to that land Where friends will no more part; And as they near their journey's end Do welcome death, as though a friend.

Dear Lord, let dew of grace and love Like benedictions fall On all our hearts, till from above We hear the welcome call, Then from the thrall of sin release, That we may meet our God in peace.

AN HOUR IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

I wonder, my dear little readers, if you are as fond of your Sunday-school as I used to be of mine! I am afraid the Sabbath was not to me then the restful, happy day that it is now. I think I used to dread the interruption to my play; but that one Sunday-school hour made up for it all; it was the brightest of the week to me. And, as I look back over those many bright spots, they light up my memory like little flashes of tender radiance. So, now that I myself am the teacher of a class of five bright little boys, in one of the pleasantest Sunday-schools of New England, I remember my childhood, and try to make the hour a pleasant one to them.

Would you like, little friends, to visit the school with me, this lovely afternoon? We will go early, for I have a very punctual class, and, as I want to give them a warm welcome, I must be in good season. We will walk slowly, under these drooping elms, and let the peaceful Sabbath calm steal into our hearts. For my part, I shall teach the better for it.

But here are two of the boys already; they are ahead of us, after all, and have come part way to meet us. Only see Eddie's bright eyes shine! and he hears what a pleasant voice he has as he bids us good afternoon! And does not Jamie look as if he would have a good lesson? Of course he will; he never yet has failed to have one, and I know by his face that to-day will not be his first time. He is a very thoughtful boy, is Jamie, and very fond of studying the Bible. It is his favorite amusement on rainy days, his mamma says, to get the great family Bible and read it. I hope that many of you do the same thing. And yet he is thoroughly boyish. I never received a compliment with which I was more pleased than with his assertion at ten, one evening, that this was "the boss teacher."

We enter the vestry porch, and through the half-open door catch a glimpse of the infant class—little heads bobbing about, and restless feet swinging. Looking at the bright ribbons and sweet faces, I can think of nothing but the "pansy-bed," to which they have been so prettily compared.

Ah, here is Charlie, and—oh, what a beautiful bunch of flowers he has brought me! They will light up my chamber for a week to come.

And here is little, seven-year-old Frank. I never see him without thinking of the first day he entered the school, and what a sober face met the sympathetic eyes of his teacher. Her kind heart touched, she put her arm about him to comfort him, thinking he might be homesick among so many strange children; but, as she did so, he looked up in her face and asked, "when is the resurrection day-a-comin'?" It was a mighty stride, little Frank, from rocking-horse and primer to a question which the profoundest thinkers must leave unsolved.

But the bell is about to ring for the exercises to begin. And where's Arthur? Charlie spies him, just taking off his hat at the door. He is a little gentleman, and shakes hands politely with me,

then quietly takes his seat. He shall sit next me; I know he will like that, and I always feel strangely moved by that tremulous little quiver about the mouth, and those great, deep eyes.

We rise to sing. My class does not often assist in that exercise, but to-day is an exception, and they all join their voices, and their hearts too, I hope, in singing.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

I am glad we are in the back part of the vestry, for I fear our good superintendent would not think such a mingling of sharps and flats harmonious; but I like it, nevertheless, and I am sure it reaches and pleases the Father in Heaven.

After the Bible-reading and prayer we must collect the pennies, and out comes the little round box, with a glass top! Look inside. It is half full. Next Sunday we shall give them to swell the collection for the heathen children in far off lands, who have no such privileges as we are this moment enjoying.

Now for the lesson. It must be adapted to these small intellects; for though they are too old for the teachings of the infant class, some of the questions of the International Lessons are too difficult for such little fellows.

I remember once testing them upon a hard question, for I have found sometimes that children think more deeply than we expect. It was the lesson upon the withered fig-tree, and the question was, "when may men be said to resemble this tree?" Now think hard, I said, and let me see who is smart enough to tell me when we might say of a man, "he is nothing but leaves."

After a few minutes' thought Jamie's face was radiant. He waited until the class was perfectly quiet, then said, in a tone of assurance, "It's those men who have n't any clothes to wear." Doubtless he was thinking of Adam and Eve, and their fig-leaf aprons. All looked admiringly at Jamie, except Arthur. He had quite a different idea. His eyes grew large, and his whole face expressed the awfulness of the thought to him: "I know, teacher. It means men who have n't any sin, but are all bone!"

It was very hard to keep from smiling, but I would not have wounded his sensitive feelings for the world; so I tried to explain to them that the fig-tree, with its brilliant foliage, but no fruit, is like a man who makes large promises, but does not fulfill them; and like a little boy who has every advantage of a Christian home and Sunday-school, and promises his parents and teacher to be very good, and then goes out among his playmates, quarrels with them, thinks wicked thoughts, and says angry words.

To-day we are talking about God's goodness. "Why should we love God, and obey Him?"

"Because He has given us so many things," Charlie says.

"Yes, all our pleasures, and everything we have comes from Him. Who can name the best gift He has ever sent us?"

Jamie says, "mamma."

Charlie says, "sunshine."

Little Frank can think of nothing but "dishes."

Eddie and Arthur think "life" is the best.

Those are all blessed gifts, but not the best. That is His own Son, the one by whom we pray to God when we say, "for Jesus' sake, amen." We must never forget to carry this Gift with us in our hearts wherever we go; and the more we prize it, and the more we praise and love God for it, the grander men and women we shall be.

Jamie thinks he will be a minister when he grows up. I know he will make a good one, and I hope I may be there to hear some of his sermons. Eddie is undecided. Whether he becomes a doctor, or a candy-man, the future will prove. Charlie wishes to be president of the United States; and perhaps he will be. Who knows? Arthur thinks that to be the king of the Sandwich Islands, and ride through the city in a carriage, as King Kalakaua did, a few months since, is the sum of all happiness. Frank recklessly shouted "king" at first, but after deliberation my wise little philosopher thinks it far preferable to be "conductor of a steam car."

In all these positions they can serve God, and the higher and richer they are the better they can honor and glorify Him.

But the bell rings for the closing exercises, and the school is dismissed. Boy-like, all five rush for the door, scarcely waiting to say "good-bye."

I will linger a moment, to bid you "good-bye" and "God speed," my little readers. I can picture to myself five of your bright faces, in that pleasant city that is seated by the sea, "looking up to mamma as she reads this; and I can hear them say, 'why! is that our teacher?' And I know they will add, 'and it's all true, every word of it.'"

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

The blood of Jesus has opened the way whereby we may "enter into the holiest." Aaron must have looked forward with great expectations to the time when he could enter the "holy of holies," but we are privileged above Aaron, for we may not only enter once a year, to remain a short time, but we may abide there, and sit down. It is a place of peace and joy, where we may have communion and fellowship with God—a place free from anxiety, a place of rest, a place where we may sing praises all the time. Is it not better to enter the holiest than to live out in the wilderness, or camp, or court, or temple, or holy place? Enter in, then, by faith, through the blood.

Though we may be surrounded by legions of devils, if we have the armor on there will be no place through which their darts can harm us. It is by faith that we enter, or by faith that we sit down in the holiest. Many struggle for rest, but a simple act of faith will land us where years of struggle will not lead us. One act of faith will place us higher than years of effort.

It is sweet to simply trust Jesus, and take Him at His word. Is it not wonderful that we can doubt Him who "stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing?" Unbelief is hateful. We must say, "I will not doubt God," for the will has a great deal to do with our doubting and believing. We must be willing to lay our legalistic efforts down, and lay our "deadly doings" down at Jesus' feet, and let God have His way with us.

The narrow places are for our good; and when the hand of the Father is laid upon us, under its transforming power the image of the Master is being brought out. "And a highway shall be there, and it shall be called 'the way of holiness.' The unclean shall not pass over it." If clean, we are on the way; but if unclean, we shall not pass over it. Are we clean?

Though we may be placed in the fiery furnace, we will find the form of the Fourth with us, and we shall triumph gloriously. It is enough that God is our strength and our portion.

We must go in for being utterly lost to the world; and if we have the sign of the world on us we must go and be instructed of God. The anointing and the Word keeps us, and we will find one to agree with the other; and when we are dead from the rudiments of the world we will find love of gold, display, and costly apparel gone, and so we will enjoy a blessed hidden life. When we come to the secret of "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," we will be accepting in person the crucifixion to the world. The real sanctified host of God are crucified to the world; and if we are not crucified we are not of that host.

A MESSAGE.

BY M. E. W.

Into my dreams, with a magical sway, Laden with fragrance, comes stealing Softly the breath of a past summer day, Waking the hunger that ever will stay, Life in the old light revealing, Light which love gave to the past, All of its memories unsealing, O that the vision might last!

Still in my heart are its passionate cries, Still, lest their full, free expression, Asking through friendship for tenderer ties, Bring but distress to the one I most prize, Gave of like love no concession; Hoping, I wait for a sign; Then shall a joyous confession Pour from my heart into thine.

When, in the future, if God so will, Back to thy presence returning, I, with the fruits of my labors, may fill That which is lacking. I yet shall say still, Give me thyself for my yearning; That is the prize I would win; Love, by its pure beacon burning, Guided my good ship in.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

What Happened to Little May.

BY AUNT LOTTIE.

May is a dear little girl, of four years, and generally very obedient, but the other day she disobeyed her mother, and I will tell you what happened to her.

"Now, May," said her mother, as her little girl went down the steps, hugging kitty under one arm, while she held a cracker to eat in the other hand, "don't go out of the yard, will you?"

"No, mamma, I won't," said May. So mamma went back to her work, and was very busy, having no fears for May's safety.

Meanwhile May had walked down to the big gate, to look through on to the street, as she often did, still holding kitty under her arm.

"There, kitty! Now we'll have a nice time, seeing all the peoples," said May, as she reached the gate.

"Oh, my! the gate is open," said May. "Won't we have a booful time?"

Kitty purred her satisfaction, and for some time May played contentedly at the gate. At last she got tired of looking out of the gate, and thought how nice it would be to go out on the street, just for a minute. She stepped out, and it looked so pleasant that she thought she would take a walk, forgetting what mamma had said about not going out of the yard; and on she trotted, seeing something new every step of the way. No one spoke to her, and on, on she went.

After mamma had worked about an hour, and had put the baby to bed for a nap, she thought she would call May in, as it was time for her to have a nap. So she called her; but getting no answer, she walked down to the big gate, which was hidden from the window by some large trees, expecting as usual to find May there. But when she reached the gate she found it open, but no May in sight. She looked up and down the street, but could see nothing of her little girl.

Oh, how frightened May's poor

mamma was! She looked up and down the street, but could see nothing of her little girl. She ran down to her husband's store, and told him that their little girl was either lost or stolen.

May's father at once called a police officer, and harnessed up a horse to go and search for her, while the poor mother went home to the baby.

Oh! how long the hours were, from eleven in the morning until ten at night, when little May was brought home in her father's arms, fast asleep.

May's home was in Cambridge, and she had wandered away over to Somerville, where a kind Irish woman found her, took her to her home, gave her something to eat, washed her, and put the poor tired little girl to bed. When her husband came home she sent word to the police station that a child had been found; and so, after a long while, May was safe with her mamma, who had suffered so much that day because her little girl had disobeyed her.

May's Auntie came to see her, soon after this had happened, and when she heard the story she said to May's mamma,

"Well, I hope you punished her severely for being such a naughty little girl. I should, if she had been mine."

May heard this, and kept very near her mamma all the time her Auntie was there; and when she had gone, said,

"I'm glad I am your little girl, and not Aunt Hester's, because you didn't whip me when I runned away."

"But," said her mamma, very gravely, "I fear, if you are ever so naughty again, I shall have to do as Aunt Hester would."

Now, little boys and girls, take warning by little May. Always obey papa and mamma, and you will be happy.

SUNSHINE.

BY M. E. W.

As I drew up my curtain, one morning That promised a dark, rainy day, My eyes met a beautiful sunbeam In a window just over the way.

It brightened my face, for a moment, Then, dancing along, passed away; But the look was so bright and so cheering It lasted me all through the day.

And I thought, we can always have sunshine If there only is sunshine within— If our hearts are as pure, and as childlike, And as free from the bondage of sin.

As the beautiful, bright little sunbeam Whose life is so happy and gay, And has always a smile for our greeting At the window just over the way.

Dear child, may thy life be all sunshine, As happy and pure as to-day, God's blessing on dear little Winnie At the window just over the way. Chelsea, 1875.

KINKS.

A kink is a spontaneous twist in a thread, and a constitutional whimsicality in a man. A thread kink has all the effect of a knot in a thread, interfering with the work of the seamstress. A man-kink so twists him, and knots him up, that the pastor can't use him, and society don't know what to do with him.

A thread-kink is a great annoyance when it occurs too often. A man-kink, a whim, a crochete, annoys a pastor, wears and disgusts a Church, and interferes with her work. A kinky Church member never agrees with his brother members, always has a word of advice for his pastor, is always trying to carry a point, is happy only when he can gratify a notion, give his "views," or force a disagreeable alternative upon his "dear brethren," and all for the "glory of God." Brethren, pray to be delivered from kinks. —Baptist Union.

Mr. Spurgeon, when preaching a special sermon once, the verse, "With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praise my Maker in my song," was sung in such a subdued way that he leaned over the pulpit, and said, "dear friends, if that is the way in which you sing 'with all your powers of heart and tongue,' I wonder how you will get on when you have only half of them!"

A boy was asked which was the greater of the two, hurting another's feelings or his fingers. He said the former. "And why?" "Because you can't tie a rag around the feelings," exclaimed the child.

A twelve-year old boy, in a wild state and unable to talk, was recently captured by some hunters in Northern Texas.

An American girl won the gold medal at the recent examination at the College of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventeen letters. My 5, 10, 14, 17, 15, are possessed by cattle generally.

My 1, 11, 7, 12, is a measure used for paper.

My 3, 13, 2, is

LETTER FROM THE HUDSON.

BY M. E. W.

The "river towns" are beginning to wake up a little on the subject of Temperance, with a view perhaps to the fall elections. Phenicia, a little mountain village, sunk in a narrow valley, 28 miles from Rondout, where your correspondent spent the last Sabbath, is wide awake, and its "Good Templars," with their funny little lodge perched above a carriage house, are preparing to carry the war into the inner recesses of the Catskills, where, alas, the city trout fishers have been all summer carrying the bad fashion of pocket-pistols of whiskey! The Methodist minister of Shandaken, five miles farther on, is all alive, and has announced his intention of devoting every moment which can be spared from his professional duties to stirring up his people to an interest in the cause which is so largely synonymous with that of religion. Would that all our Churches could see it so! When they do, the abolition of the national curse will be of speedy accomplishment. This pastor, whose name we did not learn (but which we have since ascertained was that of Mr. J. H. Frost), has called a meeting two weeks ahead, and sent for a lady of the Brooklyn Woman's Union to arouse something of the crusading spirit among the women of the mountains.

Jack Frost is riding down the Catskill valleys so liberally "upon the wings of the wind" that your correspondent found it prudent to retreat and come to the new city, though the ancient town of Kingston. Here also the Temperance spirit is at work. Judge Van Cott lectured on the political side, a short time ago. Rev. Dr. C. Wright is now giving a course of lectures, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance, at the court-houses and churches of the town and neighboring villages. And last week a general anniversary of all the Ulster County societies was held in the Dutch church.

Kingston is a very interesting place, both as to location and antiquity. Originally called Askartak, Wyltweck, and Esomty, it had a few settlers in 1614. Rev. L. Megapolensis, of the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York, writes (under date of 1657) of Kingston as "an exceedingly beautiful land, actually settled in 1652." It is still a beautiful land, a high, broad plateau, surrounded by hills, of which the Kykuy, commanding a superb panorama, is the chief; and overlooked by the Catskill and Shawangunk mountains, it combines all the advantages necessary for a compact city, with the romance of country rides and drives.

Kingston was burned during the Revolution, in 1777; but a few of the buildings, or at least their solid stone walls, were spared, repaired, and are still standing, respected and cared for, and shown to visitors. "The Christian town of Hurley," as it styled itself in an address to Lafayette, farther over towards the mountains, contains many of these anti-Revolutionary houses, it having escaped the Revolutionary fire. Kingston contains two Reformed churches, one Presbyterian, a Baptist, Episcopal, and three Methodist churches. At one of these the polished and accomplished Dr. Ridgeway is now established. Methodism seems to be the only denomination of the mountains, notwithstanding the Dutch had such great priority of possession. But even Methodism does not flourish here as elsewhere. Few of the farmers ever seem to think of going to church, unless there is a new preacher, a Quarterly Meeting, or something else of an uncommon nature; and the pittance raised for the support of a minister, who often rides from appointment to appointment, over an area of 20 miles, would scarcely keep a team in the sleek condition in which it is the farmer's pride to exhibit them.

Farther up the river, at Coxsack, the Sunday-school teachers of Greene County have recently held their annual convention, and your correspondent was invited to represent the foreign work. The meeting, which lasted two days, was very well attended, the speakers (many of whom come from a great distance) very interesting, and a general tone of personal consecration to Christ and devotion to His work seemed universally to prevail. The interest excited by the foreign work was very great, and Green County, at least, intends to do justice to this important branch of evangelization. A similar convention is to be held in October at Saugerties, Ulster County, and it is hoped the Sunday-school cause will receive a great impetus in this way.

The County school commissioners are now holding a "teachers' institute" at New Paltz, in the Walkill Valley, the writer being in attendance to help on a little. These institutes, which are held every year, are of great importance in a country community, where every girl or boy who wants to raise a little money considers himself or herself eligible to "teach school," the terms being of all sorts of lengths, and at any season of the year. A few words concerning government, personal character, and the way of teaching, cannot but benefit such very immature teachers, to say nothing of the positive advantages to be reaped from daily spelling, grammar-lessons, and the like. New Paltz, in the centre of a rich farming country, is the starting point for Paliz Point Lake Molunk, a place of summer resort, becoming very fashionable since the completion of the Walkill Valley Railroad. Those passing over this road will find it well worth their while to stop a day, and make the easy ascent of this most beautiful and accessible Shawangunk mountains.

A few more days will bring October, with its nipping frosts and brilliant leaves, and then farewell to summer wanderings, camp-grounds, and conventions, rivers, woods, and railroad cars, and welcome to city streets, routine work, and the multitudes, wherein lies the harvest ripe for the Master and His workmen.

New Paltz, Sept. 20th.

READFIELD DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

A few of the last meetings of this Association have been poorly attended. The cause of this may be found in the fact that these meetings have been held at one extremity of the District or the other, making it inconvenient for the preachers living the farthest from the place of meeting to attend. To obviate this difficulty the Association voted to hold its next meeting (see notice in the HERALD) at New Sharon, the most central place on the line of a railroad, and we wish to say that stages run daily from New Sharon to Belgrade and Farmington, and return, after the afternoon trains arrive, reaching New Sharon at half-past 7 P. M. Brother Cummins, proprietor of the Belgrade line, will give all coming to the meeting over his line a free pass both ways. He furnishes first class accommodations for his passengers. Mr. Paine, proprietor of the Farmington line, will give all coming to the meeting over his line a free pass both ways. He furnishes first class accommodations for his passengers. Mr. Paine, proprietor of the Farmington line, will give all coming to the meeting over his line a free pass both ways. He furnishes first class accommodations for his passengers.

Geo. R. Wilkins.

NOTES FROM MAINE.

The Baptist church in Fairfield is completed, and is to be dedicated soon. We learn that the pulpit for one year will be supplied by the Professors of Colby University, thus giving the attendants preaching "without money and without price."

Elder J. Whitmore, of South Paris, baptized five persons at the Advent Camp-meeting at Mechanic Falls, September 6th.

Mr. George A. Wilson, esq., recently presented the Congregational Church in South Paris an elegant pulpit Bible. The ladies of the parish have re-furnished the church.

Hebron Academy has its largest attendance now. Some \$500 are being expended in improvements.

The suicide of Gen. William K. Kimball, of Paris, casts a deep gloom on that community. He made an honorable record in the late Rebellion, serving for over three years in the 12th Maine Regiment.

Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Hebron, recently baptized three candidates.

The State Executive Committee of the Y. M. C. A. have called the tenth State Convention to meet at Lewistown, October 8, 9, 10. A grand rally is anticipated.

We are pained to learn the sudden death of Brother Theodore A. Bush, of our Church in Skowhegan, by a fall from his carriage on returning from meeting one Sunday evening. He was a very zealous and devoted Christian, long an official member, and will be very much missed in the parish and in the Sunday-school.

One of the largest and most enthusiastic temperance meetings ever held in Waterville occurred Sunday evening, September 12th, in the Congregational church. The principal speaker was Mrs. Kent Mason, whose eloquence upon this subject is just beginning to be felt in Maine, as it has been in other places.

Rev. E. M. O. Callaghan, pastor of the Catholic Church in Augusta, is confined to his house by sickness. It is hoped this illness may not prove fatal, as Mr. O. is a man highly respected in the community, and is doing a noble work among his own people in the temperance cause.

A convention of delegates from the Reform Clubs of Maine met in Lewistown, September 16. Elliott King, of Mechanic Falls, was elected president. The most important subject discussed was whether the clubs should prosecute rum-sellers. The meeting was largely attended, and very enthusiastic.

The First Congregationalist parish in Skowhegan will build a new and commodious vestry, which they greatly need.

There is a very spirited revival of religion in the Methodist Church in Bangor.

The September session of the Farmington Quarterly Meeting (Free Baptist) was held at Phillips, the 8th and 9th. The attendance was large, and the services highly interesting. The reports from the Churches were good.

The new Catholic church in Farmington was dedicated last Sunday. C. An increased interest is enjoyed at the Allen Mission in Portland. Bro. Sturdivant is pushing his temperance work on the line of the "Mighty to Save." Mrs. Annie Clarke of New York, who so grandly at the Old Orchard Camp-meetings, is assisting him in his meetings.

Rev. W. B. Hayden, D. D., pastor of the Swedenborgian Church in Portland, received from his parishioners a valuable and elegant gold watch at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate.

EDUCATIONAL.

Twenty-five normal institutes, instructing 8,000 pupils, are now in session in Iowa.

General Garibaldi is writing up the story of his life.

Bayard Taylor is engaged upon a new biography of Goethe.

Ex-President Cummings of Wesleyan University, is editing a new edition of Butler's Lives.

Professor Moses Coit Taylor of Michigan University, is preparing a survey of American literature.

Dr. Farrar, author of the "Life of Christ," is preparing a new volume, entitled "Studies on the Dawn of Christianity."

During the last fourteen years there has been a large and constant decrease in sickness among the students of Amherst College, Mass., as the classes advanced from year to year. Freshmen have been the most sickly, and seniors the most healthy. This is attributed to the regular gymnastic exercises which the students are obliged to take.

Charles Reade appeals to the ladies and authors of the United States for aid in obtaining International Copyright.

Mr. George Grove, of England, foremost in the work of exploring the Holy Land, is engaged on a work on "Palestine, Ancient and Modern."

Ex-President Thomas Hill of Harvard University, is preparing a little volume on "The True Order of Studies." He is spoken of as the only man who ever got religion out of geometry, as in his book, "Geometry and Faith."

Mrs. Humphrey's new book, "Gems of India," is now issued. It will be read with interest.

The State of Kansas is said to have expended for education during the last ten years \$17,000,000. This expenditure is now going on, to the amount of over a million dollars a year.

A little eight-year old Chinese girl, born in California, has been admitted to the public schools of San Francisco—the first time a Chinese parent has applied for the admission of a child to the public schools of this country.

A Hebrew Union College has been established in Cincinnati, and will be opened in October.

Professor L. V. Tuttle, formerly of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, has been appointed Principal of the Preparatory School of the Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Thirty Chinese students from Shanghai will be assigned to various educational institutions in different parts of the Union.

The Baptists of Pennsylvania propose to devote their Centennial offerings to the endowment of Lewisburg University.

The Rev. Llewellyn Pratt, of North Adams, formerly of Knox College, Illinois, has been elected Provisional Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College. Professor E. H. Griffin will take the chair of English Literature this year.

The Rev. Dr. Lemuel Moss has been elected President of the Indiana State University at Bloomington.

Mrs. Collins, widow of the late Charles Collins, D. D., succeeds her husband as President of the Female College at Memphis, Tenn.

Obituaries.

Died, in Ayer, Mass., Sept. 2, 1875, Mrs. MARY JOHNSON, aged 64 years.

Sister J. was converted to God many years ago, and joined the Methodist Church formed in Worcester. Thus early she allied herself with God's people, whom she loved, to the close of her life. She was married in January, 1832, to Mr. Anson Johnson, who now survives her, at the advanced age of 81 years.

Sister J. was a devoted wife, a faithful mother, and a kind neighbor. Her sickness was brief, but very painful, but Christ was with her, and in Him she trusted to the last. She felt a deep interest in her children and grandchildren, who were with and cared for her in her sickness. She called them to her bedside, gave them her parting blessing, and exhorted them to live so that Christ would be glorified in them. She was a woman of noble heart, and her life was a noble example to all who loved her.

Widow BETSEY PIERCE crossed the river to the better land, Aug. 20, aged 88 years.

Sister P. has been a follower of Christ between forty and fifty years. At her house the early itinerants have often found a home and friends. She leaves two sons and several daughters, all of more than common intelligence, and shining lights in the Christian pathway. Simeon has been known in the Maine Conference for the last twenty-five years, as one of its most efficient workers; but by his overwork he is now broken down in health, and retired to a small farm, where his only son came to take care of his parents in the decline of life. He took cold in early spring, and has been sinking gradually since, until Aug. 30. John passed without a struggle to that rest that knows no sorrow. Friends where our dear brother and sister have labored, and others, remember them in this hour of deep affliction in your prayers.

Died, in West Freeman, Me., Aug. 28, 1875, SAMUEL DODGE, aged 70 years.

In early life Brother D. gave his heart to Jesus, and his hand to the Methodist Episcopal Church, ever remaining a faithful member until called to go up higher. His last sickness was long and painful, yet grace helped him wonderfully, and he was enabled to say, "I am ready to live and suffer, and die to be with Christ. He leaves a widow and children, who mourn his loss, yet feel that their loss is his eternal gain. May they all meet beyond the river!"

FRANK W. SMITH.

Strong, Me., Sept. 26, 1875.

LUELLA, only daughter of George Beattie, of Milford, Mass., died July 20, aged 19 years.

She was converted in childhood, and during her short life impressed all who knew her with her beautiful and loving spirit. She had much to make this life attractive; nevertheless she felt that it was better to depart and be with Christ. Her sufferings were protracted, but her soul was serene, and her triumph complete.

P. M. VINTON.

Died, in Enfield, N. H., Sept. 6, 1875, MINNIE A. HASKINS, aged 9 years.

Minnie was one of the brightest flowers that bloomed in Enfield—a cheerful and loving friend to all. Her constant presence in the Sunday-schools missed by teacher and class. The most cheerful light has gone out in that home. Her sufferings were short, but severe. She pointed weeping eyes heavenward. May they meet her there!

G. C. NOYES.

Money Letters from Sept. 13 to 20.

C. H. Adams, F. E. Adams, W. L. Brown, J. R. Bartlett, S. S. Brigham, S. C. Baker, R. S. Douglas, E. Doak, G. E. Fuller, A. O. Gorman, S. J. Hallett, F. H. Hallett, J. Kendall, H. C. Matthews, S. P. Hale, H. E. Hicks, O. Y. King, L. Long, F. M. L. Nuttall, S. R. Richards, R. R. Rice, R. Sanderson, W. Q. Shannon, F. Starr, J. R. Trever, G. Trever, J. F. Williams.

Money Letters from Sept. 20 to 27.

L. Breed, J. Copeland, J. E. Clark, S. Copeland, R. D. Drake, J. Davis, J. W. Goss, S. S. Gross, J. L. Hallett, F. H. Hallett, J. Kendall, H. C. Matthews, S. P. Hale, H. E. Hicks, O. Y. King, L. Long, F. M. L. Nuttall, S. R. Richards, R. R. Rice, R. Sanderson, W. Q. Shannon, F. Starr, J. R. Trever, G. Trever, J. F. Williams.

Marriages.

In this city, Sept. 7, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sylvanus Dyer to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 8, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 10, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 12, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 14, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 16, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 18, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 20, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 22, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 24, by Rev. L. B. Bates, Sarah E. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary Merrill, both of Chelsea; Sept. 26, by Rev. L. B. 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